TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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Poetry.

For the Blade.

GRANT.

The Hero rests at last. sO he sleeps well!
No need for tip-toed whisperings near him now!
No fear the sharp sting of the fell disease
Will pierce into his slumber. Wipe the blare
Of trumpets sounding to the battle's charge,
The rattle of the deadly musketry,
The boom and thunder of the cannonade
With all the roaring enginery of war.
Though close and racing all around him now
Could never for one moment visibly stir
One muscle of that calm but rigid face—
Such and so lasting is thy sleep, O Death!

Now the beginning and the end has met,
The rounding life's complete, and what it holds
Within its compass is for History now;
Who with a willing pen will careful note
The record of a name that will not die,
But live along the lapsing ages with
The wise, the great, the honored of all time.

Not only as the General who smote
Rebellion down and saved the Nation whole;
But as a warrior whose humanity
Could in the flushing hour of victory
Respect the feelings of a noble foe,
Could in the revel still behold the man
Who wasted needlessly no drop of blood,
But sayed for friends and citizens his foes,
And gravely wreathed his bright, victorious sword
With everlasting magnanimity!

And when to Peace was given the sword to keep
How he was made a king without the name
And ruled the Land throughout a hundred moons;
Not with the haughty arrogance that oft
Attends the step of high and swift success;
But with the bearing of a man who feels
He was and would be citizen again.
And though not leading nor yet s'aping it,
But watching for and wisely favoring
The drift and current of the people's will;
The rough, uprearing footprints of the war
Were slowly being hidden out of sight;
Just as the green grass gently covered o'er
The sad sight of the red earth of its graves.

And when in quest of knowledge he went forth
The ruler merged into the citizen
Visiting many lands so far strange seas;
How potentates and dignitaries vied
Each with the other in their warmth of welcome,
Greeting him as their equal and a friend,
Honoring its country in its honored son.
And feeling with a mutual regard
The olden throne and young republic chair.

And how when in the clutch of fell disease
And Death entrenched in from and close at hand
Looked grimly on his victim day and night
Secure of the result; toying his time—
The brave old soldier thought he knew full well
That a fell, and science, and unflagging love
Might stay awhile but not avert the blow;
Quailed not, nor yet grew querulous, but showed
In patient, uncomplaining fortitude,
The highest courage man's soul here attains.

The husband, father, friend and citizen
Lies for to-day, and can no longer greet
With customary smile that constant pair,
Respect and Love, that, ever hand in hand,
Approached him, hindered by no precedence.
Living, he was his country's honored son,
She held him to her breast with wholesome love,
The people's heart he cartured without siege,
And fast within its citadel he died.
But dead—no shores limit the ownership
Of his great name and qualities.
For henceforth he will ever more belong
To the wide realm of our humanity—
A name to beckon youth along the way
Of hardy effort to achieve success,
To cheer the toilers, and rebuke all those
Who loiter on the way and waste their hour.

A TEMPERANCE POEM.

BY ALICE CARY.

"He not among winebibbers, among riotous eaters of flesh. For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty, and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags."—Prov. xxiii, 20-21.

I'll tell you two fortunes, my fine little lad,
For you to accept or refuse;
The one of them good, the other one bad;
Now hear them and say which you choose.

I see by my gifts, within reach of my hand,
A fortune right fair to behold;
A house and a hundred good acres of land,
With the harvest-fields yellow as gold.

I see a great orchard, with boughs hanging down,
With apples, green, russet and red;
I see droves of cattle, some white and some brown,
But all of them sleek and well fed.

I see droves of swallows about the barn door,
See the faming mill whirling so fast;
I see them threshing the wheat on the floor—
And now the bright picture has passed!

And I see rising dismally up in the place
Of the beautiful house and the land,
A man with a fire-red nose on his face,
And a little brown jug in his hand.

Oh, if you beheld him, my lad, you would wish
That he were less wretched to see;
For his boot-toes they gape like the mouth of a fish,
And his trousers are out at the knee.

In walking he staggers, now this way, now that,
And his eyes they stand out like a bug's;
And he wears an old coat, and a battered-in hat,
And I think that the fault is the jug's.

For the text says the drunkard shall come to be poor,
And that drowsiness clothes men with rags,
And he doesn't look much like a man, I am sure,
Who has honest hard cash in his bags.

Now, which will you have? To be thrifty and sow,
And to be right side up with your dish;
Or go with your eyes like the eyes of a bug,
And your shoes like the mouth of a fish?

TENNYSON'S LATENT POEM.

The following poem was written by Lord Tennyson on the marriage of the Princess Beatrice:

Two suns of Love make day of human life,
Which else, with all its pains and griefs and deaths,
Were utter darkness: one the sun of dawn
That brightened through the mother's tender eyes,
And warms the child's awakening world; and one
The later rising sun of spousal love
Which from her household orbit draws the child
To move in other spheres. The mother weeps
At that white funeral of the single life,
Her maiden daughter's marriage; and her tears
Are half of pleasure, half of pain. The child
Is happy ever in leaving her. But then,
True daughter, whose all-faithful, filial eyes
Have seen the loneliness of earthly thrones,
Will neither quit the widowed crown, nor let
This later light of love have risen in vain;
But, moving through the mother's home, between
The two that love thee, lead a summer life,
Swayed by each love, and swaying to each love,
Like some conjectured planet in mid heaven
Between two suns, and drawing down from both
The light and genial warmth of double day.

Our Story Teller.

HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

I was born a beauty; from the time I could talk and understand, it was instilled into me as a fact. When I could toddle about, some judicious person, probably a nurse, gave me the name of "Beauty," and it stuck to me ever after. I don't think I was inordinately proud of my distinction, although even in childhood it makes a difference, but it seems to me as I look back that my attractions were made use of by my brothers and sisters for their own benefit. They were always sending me to beg a holiday on the plea that "Papa won't refuse Beauty," or later on to get leave to go to this or that place of amusement, for "Mamma is sure to let Beauty have her way."

It's a wonder I wasn't quite spoiled, but I don't think I was; at least no such accusation was ever made, even when sisterly civilities were being interchanged. We were a large family, principally girls, all presentable except my eldest sister, Matilda; she had no looks to speak about, but she made it up by a superabundance of brains—she was the family headpiece, a sort of plateau to be relied upon on all state occasions. She certainly was a remarkable woman; her one idea was to push one's self forward in life—an English adaptation of "aide toi, le ceil t'aidera." (Help thyself, and heaven will help thee.)

How angry she was when I married Charley! She was at Gibraltar settling my brother Edmund in his appointment, and I was Mrs. Redcar before she came back. Charley was a captain, with good prospects of getting on, but Matilda made him sell out and put his money in a new company, started to provide Venice with tram cars; after this we came up to town, because Matilda said that with my beauty and Charley's connections, London was the place for us. We were sure to push our way; but, curiously enough, we didn't. Charley's connections belonged to the Plymouth brothers and sisters, and my good looks were quite thrown away on people who wore poke bonnets. There was one old man, a grand-uncle of Charley's, who had lived in the regency days, and said I was the image of Dolly Bloomfield, whoever she might be.

A year or so passed very quietly, and then Matilda came up to see how we were getting on. She was very indignant when she found that we had made no way, and scolded us roundly for our supineness.

"I have no patience with either of you," she said. "With Beauty's looks and the Redcar connection, you ought to be at the very top of the tree." And then we explained to her about the Plymouth Brethren.

"But there's Charley's godfather's wife; she has nothing to say to trade or meeting houses, because I see her parties every other week in the *Morning Post*," said my sister, with a look which meant: "You can't impose on me; if Beauty were only seen there she'd soon push her way."

Charley looked at me, and I looked at Charley, and then we both burst out laughing. It was a mortifying confession, but the truth was we had been at Charley's wife's grandmother's—no, I mean Charley's godfather's wife—more than once, and nothing had come of my "being seen there" but the bill we had to pay for the dress I wore and the carriage.

Matilda looked very glum when we told her this. "I don't see what you are laughing at," she said, crossly. "No one but a fool would find amusement in their own failure." This was very severe, but Matilda was awfully put out, and in the evening, when Charley had gone to the "Rag" to have his smoke, she spoke very seriously to me.

"I don't like the looks of things," she said. "I shouldn't be at all surprised if those Venitian tram shares didn't come to much. The people there are so silly, they prefer the gondolas, and if they go down where will you be?"

"Good gracious, Matilda, I thought you recommended them, and said they would double our income."

"And haven't they done so, you silly thing? All you have to do is to put your shoulder to the wheel and push Charley, and that will make it all right. As for him, he is a regular stick in the mud. So you must do it yourself."

"I? Why, what in the world can I do?"

"Make yourself the fashion!" said my sister, oracularly.

The next day Matilda, Charley and I went to see the pictures at the R. A. It's a long way from Iverness Terrace to Picadilly, particularly on a hot day, so we went in an omnibus. I don't mind an omnibus, but Matilda thinks it's a disgrace to be seen in one. She has a provincial idea that every one knows her. She sits far back, with her veil drawn in a tight little ball over her nose, which makes her ever so much more remarkable. This day in particular she was in a great fright, and was very indignant with Charley and me, who were laughing at the faces she made.

When she got out she said: "To think that our Beauty should be brought down to sit with washerwomen in an omnibus!"

Charley flushed up. He's the most good-humored fellow in the world, but he doesn't like Matilda. "She should drive in a coach with six horses, if I could give it to her," he said; "but she knew I was a poor man when she took me."

"And liked you all the better," cried I, gayly, as I pressed his arm affectionately; but Matilda only snorted. I heard her mutter: "A pair of fools!"

The academy was very full that day, and I thought it a great bore. Neither Charley nor I care very much for pictures, but Matilda says she understands "color." She goes round religiously with her catalogue and pencil and marks the good ones. She leaves it on the drawing-room table when she goes home, and holds forth to the country people upon the "flesh tints" of Millais and the "deep impasto" of Burne Jones.

I soon got tired, so I sat down near the passage leading to the refreshment room. I always think the lunch is about the best thing at the pictures. But they seemed never to be coming. For some time I amused myself looking at the people; they were a shifting mass of faces and dresses, and I was greatly diverted. By and by I began to observe that the crowd when they came to a certain picture stood there, forming a regular line, as they did for Miss Thompson. It was awfully hot, and I had taken off my vail and pushed up my hat, for my forehead was burning. Suddenly I noticed that a great many people turned their backs upon the picture and looked at me, and then faced round again to the canvass wall. In my character of Beauty I have been all my life pretty well accustomed to the sort of homage conveyed by what is called "hard staring," so that it must have been an undue amount of it which had attracted my attention; but surely I had never seen anything like this. Groups of two, three, six at a time would stand before me, and I could gather by their gestures, talking of me. But I didn't hear what they said. I began to be very anxious to see the picture which attracted such attention. It was some time before I could pitch upon a person who seemed fitting for this purpose. At last a very quiet-looking lady came near me. She had a catalogue in her hand. I addressed her. "May I ask you to tell me the name of the picture at which every one is looking?" She turned to the book, but first glanced at me; then hurried on, and I saw her a few minutes afterward pointing me out to some of her friends. I felt extremely uncomfortable. I looked about anxiously for Charley and Matilda, there was no sign of either. Then, I did a foolish thing; I got up to go and look for them, principally to escape from the numberless eyes fixed upon me.

To my surprise the crowd made way at once, and, as I walked, followed me, pressing very closely upon me, but not discourteously. I could hear some of the remarks, which were of the most flattering description. Just then I saw in the distance a brother officer of Charley's, a certain Capt. Winton. He was a hanger-on and toady of the great, and a most conceited, tiresome little creature. I disliked him, although I'm bound to say he never absolutely cut us.

He now stopped to speak to me; of course, he was politely indifferent as to the loss of my party.

"I would help you to look for Charley," he said; "but the fact is the Duchess of Cranberry is here, and she's quite on the qui vive. Some one has told her that the original of the picture is actually in the room, and of course it would be everything to secure her for the 20th and—"

Here I interrupted him rather rudely, but he is such a bore.

"I wonder," I said--but here I was in my turn interrupted. Two gentlemen on one side, two on the other, tapped Capt. Winton on each shoulder.

"Will you kindly introduce me?" said one.

"And me?" said the other.

"And me?"

"And me?"

Little Winton stared, but did as he was bid.

"Lord Snappington—Mrs. Redcar; Col. Fotheringham—Mrs. Redcar; Sir John de Tabley—Mrs. Redcar; Major Beaulieu—Mrs. Redcar. Beaulieu, I think you know Charley Redcar; he was one of ours."

In right of this acquaintance, Major Beaulieu walked on my right hand; Lord Snappington fought hard to keep his place on my left, but the crowd, which persistently followed in my wake, would not let him. Hardly any conversation was possible. At the first convenient pause little Winton darted forward:

"My dear Mrs. Redcar, how sly you have been! And Charley, too, never breathed a word of this! Now, you must come at once to the Duchess; I have her positive orders." And before I could take in what he meant, I was being introduced to a very large lady, with a high nose, and a most charming manner.

"I am so pleased to know you, Mrs. Redcar," she said. "I am obliged to hurry away; but you will come to me on the 20th, won't you? I havn't time to say half the pretty things I ought; but really, without flattery, it isn't equal! There now, I'll not say another word. Stay; could you come to me this evening? It's shockingly informal, but you don't look formal. Eh? What?"—in answer to a whisper from little Winton—"Of course, Capt. Redcar, by all means—that is, if he will give me the pleasure. I have to run away—so sorry. My carriage, Capt. Winton, if you please. Good by," and with a pretty smile and a bow, she vanished.

It was so sudden I felt quite stunned. "I don't understand it," I said. "I don't know her, or what she wants with me."

"That's the Duchess of Cranberry. She's a great friend of Masse's, and her wonderful party is to be on the 20th."

"But what does she want with me?" I repeated.

They all smiled, and Winton, who had just come back, said, "Capital!" He volunteered to go and look for Charley, and suggested to one of the gentleman to see about my carriage.

"The Duchess is delighted," he said, "and thanked me so much for the introduction. No wonder, it makes the whole thing complete. Didn't I do well about Charley? It wouldn't do at all for him to be in the background. But listen; I have a hint for your private ear. I shouldn't be all surprised if a certain person is there this evening."

"Where?"

"Oh! at the Duchess', of course. I just give you the hint. Throw over any engagement, do you hear? And mind you bring Charley." And with a grave face he went.

For a minute or two I felt inclined to cry. I had had no luncheon, and this extraordinary adventure puzzled me. I looked around at my escort of four gentlemen. "I should like to go home," I said.

Lord Snappington immediately offered me his arm. Maj. Beauleau brought my parasol—the other two ran for my carriage. "I haven't any, indeed," I went on; "I think you take me for some one else."

At this they all laughed, and Lord Snappington said would I honor him by making use of his? He didn't want it for the rest of the afternoon, if I liked so drive. He was so pressing that I really couldn't refuse to go to Inverness Terrace in it, although I hardly expected the wonderful footman to know where it was.

I declare, when I found myself in the carriage quite alone I rubbed my eyes and pinched my fingers. I could hardly help thinking that I had fallen asleep and had dreamed all this; but just as I was pinching myself hard I saw Charley and Matilda standing on the pavement in Picadilly, looking very hot and uncomfortable. I put my head out of the window and called to the grand coachman to stop.

The man looked at me very wickedly, but I didn't care. I jumped out, and never felt more pleased than when I got hold of Charley's arm and the fine carriage had driven away empty.

Anything like the amazement of Charley and Matilda when they heard my adventure, I never saw. They couldn't make head or tail of it any more than myself; only one thing was clear to me, that I must get home and have something to eat. I was so faint with excitement and hunger. We all made up our minds that it was a mistake of some kind. We went carefully through the catalogue, but there was nothing there. Charley proposed running into Mrs. Smithers's at No. 10(she sets up to be artistic), but Matilda said no—not on any account—the thing was to keep our own counsel. Matilda was all for our going to the Duchess's. She said it didn't matter mistake or no mistake. She had asked me to her house in my own proper person and under my own proper name, and there was no imposition or forcing myself in on my side. Charley said the same, and added that at all events it would be fun—and so we went. Charley burst out laughing in the carriage—he said his godfather's wife would get a fit when she heard that we had been to Cranberry House. But I think he got nervous when we were actually inside. I know I felt ready to sink into the earth when we walked up the grand staircase through lines of powdered footmen. It seemed to me so utterly absurd. The first person I saw was Lord Snappington near the door. He seemed like an old friend; and presently Colonel Beaulieu joined us. He seemed to know Charley very well, although Charley says they haven't done more than nod these ten years; but he was very friendly, and asked us to drive down on his coach to the Orleans next day. I was very pleased, for Charley had been wishing to go and—so had I.

After time little Winton came up in a great fuss, and said the dutchess was asking for me, and that I was to go into the boudoir. I didn't, of course, know where that was, but Lord Snappington gave me his arm, and said he would take me there. As we walked along I heard a great many people whispering together: "There she is, on Lord Snappington's arm." I was dying to know what it all meant, and I would have asked Lord Snappington then and there, only that Matilda's last words had been: "Mind you ask no questions. Just take everything as it comes." Still I think I would have said something, but just then we got into the boudoir, and there was the same lady I had seen in the morning, only looking much grander, and with the most lovely diamonds on her her head. She had about twenty other ladies and gentlemen with her, and she was talking to a Personage whom I recognized at once, and my knees knocked together with fright.

"Oh! here is Mrs. Redcar!" cried the duchess; "now we have her, we shall be all right."

The certain Person put a glass in his eye and looked at me:

"Fond of swinging, Mrs. Redcar?" much in the manner Charley would have said it. And then every one began to laugh. I laughed too, although I had no idea why.

"Do you swing much?" the Personage went on, still surveying me through the glass earnestly.

I hadn't swung since I was a child, and I thought it a very odd question; but, before I had time to answer the duchess struck in.

"My swinging-party comes off on the 20th, and I have given directions to have a rose-colored swing put up for Mrs. Redcar."

There was a general chorus of approbation, and I really began to think I had got among a set of lunatics. Just then some music began in the next room, and there was a move toward it. The certain Person lingered a moment:

"Duchess! I shall certainly come to your swinging party on the 20th for the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Redcar in the rose-colored swing." He smiled pleasantly at me as he spoke, did this Great Man, and strolled lazily out of the boudoir.

When he was gone every one crowded round me. I'm sure I made twenty acquaintances and had twenty invitations in as many minutes.

All the rest of the evening was one whirl of pleasure. Charley enjoyed it quite as much as I did, and we both agreed that, after all, good company is nicer than and quite as cheap as any other.

In the middle of the night Charley awoke me by another long fit of laughter. "I can't help it, Beauty," he said, "but I can't get over godfather's wife when she hears of our being on easy terms with the best in the land."

It was most surprising. There was certainly no doubt on that point.

The next morning we had just done breakfast when, to our surprise, Charley's godfather's wife drove up. Matilda had just time to give us a word of caution when she came in, all lace and ribbons, bangles and chains—so unlike the Duchess. She made straight at me. "My dear," she said, and kissed me on both cheeks; "how sly of you!" and then she kissed me again.

Just then there came another knock at the door, and one of Charley's uncles (a very great manufacturer, with works at the East End) was announced. He was a good man and I liked him, but his face was extra long this morning. He took Charley and me aside.

"Is this true?" he said; and he thrust a copy of the *Whitehall Review* into my hand, pointing to this paragraph:

"I am glad to tell my readers that the charming original of Monsieur Henri Masse's famous picture of 'Love in a Swing' is among us. She is not a Frenchwoman, but English born and bred—Mrs. Redcar, wife of Capt. Charles Redcar, late of the Tenth regiment; and we may well be proud of our lovely countrywoman. This puts an end to the countless stories which have been floating about since the picture appeared. It is to the Duchess of Crudbury (Monsieur Masse's old friend) that we owe this addition to the ranks of the Beauties. Mrs. Redcar appears under the Duchess's wing. She made her debut at the Cranbury House soiree last night, and was hugely admired."

So much for the truth of report. After all, then, there was no harm in it, and although at first I didn't like sailing under false colors, still Matilda persuaded me it would be foolish to make a fuss; I had only to hold my tongue and let the fashionable world and the fashionable newspapers tell as many lies as they pleased. I did so, I became the fashion. After the duchess's swinging party on June 26, 1879, my position was assured. No one can be more fashionable than I am. Under Matilda's directions, I am trying hard to push Charley on. If I succeed, I will tell you all about it.

MANAGING A HUSBAND.

How a Prudent Wife Can Make Him a Clean Man, a Saving Man, and a Gentleman—"Nagging" Sure to Make a Family Miserable.

Every woman cannot make a great man or a rich man of her husband, but it is possible to make him a clean man, a saving man, and a gentleman. A man of neat appearance, good address, and steady habits is always in demand, and stands a very good chance of making at least a partial success of himself. To begin with neatness: Perhaps it seems hard to say so, but man is by nature dirty, careless, and untidy, and nothing pleases him more than the anxiety of a nice little woman to remind him constantly of clean clothes and bright shoes. Of course there is a way to go about this, and unless the right method is pursued the subject will prove as obstreperous as a Blue Island avenue urchin in the hands of a sub-teacher. To get on the good side of him, make the most of his physical charms, and endeavor to convince him that all he needs to make him a handsome man is a little care. Get him in the habit of bathing frequently, washing his head every day, and shaving every other one. Instead of driving him into clean clothes, substitute those he has with others, so that he has no other alternative but to put them on. It may not be convenient to give him an entire change every day; but very little expense will provide him with an abundance of collars, cuffs, socks, and handkerchiefs, while pretty ties can be procured at an incredibly small expense. To be very sure of nice-looking boots, or nicely polished shoes, it is only necessary to drop a compliment now and then on the shape of his feet, and look to it that his clothes are kept brushed, even if you have to wield the brush yourself.

There is no excuse for slovenliness. If a woman has to blush for the appearance of the man she marries, she has only herself to blame, for, taken at the right time and in the right manner, he is as malleable a creature as there is to be found in the whole animal kingdom. If you would not thwart success don't nag at a fellow, for there is nothing in the world better calculated to drift the members of a household apart than this continual, monotonous habit women have of asking a man, "Can't you do this?" "Why don't you do that?" and "What made you do the other thing?" You can coax nineteen men where you can't drive one, and a little adulation, or flattery if you will, is worth more in the end than any quantity of dominating.

Every woman has her own idea about cleaning house, and if the truth were only admitted there is ever so much too much cleaning going on for the welfare of the furniture, comfort of the family, and temper of the housewife. Of course, if a woman is going to keep house she ought to do it right or go out of the business. To have it clean some means should be devised to give the broom a rest. From time immemorial the week's sweeping has been done on Friday or Saturday. The result has been that things are so painfully clean on Sunday that it has been a day of torture to the inmates lest things be disturbed, tidies disarranged or dust left on carpets. It will be found a great improvement and certainly more agreeable to the inmates of the house, if the dreaded sweeping is postponed till Monday. This will leave things clean and bright for the week-day caller, and on Sunday Johnny can do something with his toys besides carrying them round in his arms and the head of the house may be indulged in the exquisite privilege of putting his heels on the sofa, or vice versa, and the peace of mind of the hard worked wife is not dethroned. While sweeping is scarcely as delightful an occupation as many others, it might be robbed of some of its disagreeable features if made less of a *bete noir*. It is not necessary to dump all the furniture of one room into another in order to sweep. Just quietly cover up the upholstered furniture with a sheet or cover and sprinkle damp salt on the carpet if it is thought that a wet broom will disturb the colors. The weather permitting, open the windows, and as fast as one corner is swept, replace the furniture belonging thereto, and by the time the floor is finished the room will be in perfect order. This done take the next room, and after a little rest (and perhaps a few touches to the toilet), get a soft rag and a whisk and proceed to do your dusting. Use the latter on cushioned furniture and the former for wood furniture. If a feather duster is used at all, apply to woodwork, pictures and such ornaments as are hung high. It is a mischievous thing at best, and should never be applied to any thing that can be reached with a cloth, as it not only scratches pretty woods and polished surfaces, but sets all the dust in motion.

STUDYING STARS

In the Brilliant August Firmament.

Venus has again returned to the evening sky, and may now be seen sparkling in the evening twilight. She is accompanied by swift little Mercury, which passed her in her eastward flight a week ago, but will turn back and meet her again early in August. Jupiter also glows near by, and to the naked eye there is not much difference is to be perceived between Jupiter and Venus. But in a good telescope the difference is very great, and the astronomer knows that it would take 1,400 globes like Venus to equal the bulk of Jupiter. Yet Venus is only a trifle smaller than the earth.

These two worlds now shining almost side by side in the sky are still more different in their condition. They represent two opposite points in planetary history. Jupiter, notwithstanding its enormous size, is, speaking in a geological sense, a mere baby beside Venus or the earth. The telescope shows that its huge globe is still in the throes of that age of fire and vapor that precedes the formation of a planetary crust, and when the observer understands the magnitude of the forces at work there is hardly any phenomenon in the heavens so awe-inspiring as a telescopic view of the drifting, tossing and whirling surface of Jupiter.

Venus, on the other hand, appears to be in very much the same condition as the earth, possessing a cool and rigid surface, wrinkled and diversified with mountains and plains, and enveloped by an atmosphere in which float clouds like those which refresh the earth. The study of the planets has never been pursued with so much industry and success as at present. Astronomers are just beginning fully to understand that it is possible for them to learn much about the past and future of the earth by studying the present condition of its sister planets. Whoever looks at Jupiter and Venus in the Western sky sees two words, one having all the phases of the earth's history since it was "without form and void" still before it, and the other as old in a planetary sense as the globe we tread, and perhaps possessing as wonderful a history since life appeared upon its surface.

The Little Red-Top Boots.

Those dear little red-top boots! Do you remember them—the first pair you wore? You can close your eyes and see them again—stiff and black and heavy-soled. And what points of beauty in your eyes were those red-tops and bright copper-toes! The memory of them brings you back to that period in your life where infancy passed into boyhood, and where dreams came to you of being a big man. They marked the beginning of your independence, of your strength, of your recognition as one of earth's creatures. Far better, they brought surcease of ridicule, for they came with pants and short hair, instead of dresses and curls. How often have you gone sobbing to your mother, your heart full of grief and mortification, because a bigger boy had pulled your hair and called you a girl! The changes came all at once. Mother made the pants, and one evening she brought home the red-top boots. Then she put the scissors into your soft curls, cut them off, kissed them and laid them away. She was sorry to see the baby become a boy; but how your soul swelled! How you longed for the morning, that you might wear them! How joyfully you cried out to little Billy Brown across the road that you had "pants and boots!" And Billy probably answered, sullenly, "I don't care," while all the time he was filled with envy.

How changed was your spirit after this! You were no longer shy; you no longer played with the little girls. You stuffed the pockets of your pants full of strings and nails, and was imbued with a desire to fight and throw stones. You waded bravely in the puddles, and proudly assured the other boys that the boots didn't "leak a bit." Dear little boots! We revere your memory. You are to the boy what the sweetheart is to the youth; what the bride is to the man. Who would not turn back the wheel of time and again embrace you?

A Severed Head Opens Its Eyes and Mouth.

After the mangled body of the suicide had been picked up the hand car on which it was placed was run into the tunnel by one of the employes of the rail road, so as to hide the sickening sight from the passengers on passing trains. The police in course of time were informed of the occurrence, and a patrolman was detailed to watch the mangled mass of humanity until the dead wagon, which had been summoned, arrived and removed the body, or what was left of it, to the morgue. The public hearse, owing to a press of business, is not as punctual as that of private concerns. Its tardiness was the cause last night of a weird scene in one of the sidings of the tunnel. In the gloomy opening sat a nervous trackman, who had provided himself with two torches while he watched the remains of the suicide, which lay all of a heap upon a hand-car near by. He became intensely frightened as time sped on. This morning he was found in a condition of nervous prostration. He declares that during his vigil the severed head of the suicide opened its mouth as if about to speak. Once it stuck its tongue out to the lone watchman and contracting the muscles of its face seemingly endeavored to point to some object. What it was the terrified man can not say. The eyes of the decapitated head opened and shut a hundred times during the night. At least that is what the watchman says.—*Philadelphia Times.*

A Precocious Child.

Little Susie has a pet cat which is much older than its mistress; so much older in fact that it is in an advanced state of decrepitude. Susie heard her mother say that she thought she would have the cat chloroformed. It is hoped the child did not understand the full import of the word; for the next day she went to her mother with the cat in her arms and asked her if she wanted to chloroform it. "Yes, Susie," was the reply, "I think it will be better to do so; you know she is very old and feeble and doesn't enjoy life much." "Well, mamma," said the little innocent, "don't you think it would be well to chloroform grandma, too? She is very old and feeble, and this hot weather she is awful cross. I don't think she enjoys life, and I know I don't when she scolds me."

The Discontented Crow.

A crow that was dissatisfied with his natural complexion consulted the oracle at Delphi as to the best means of making himself white. The oracle advised him to bathe twice a day for ten years. The crow had not taken a bath for fifteen years, and on that account had become rather dirty and disreputable; but his daily ablutions soon made him clean and respectable; and, though he never became white, he was regarded as an ornament to society. He lived to a green old age, and died full of years and honors and amusing anecdotes.

Moral—This fable teaches that a man who digs into a mountain side after silver and finds nothing but gold, should not weep over his disappointment.

Humor.

THE WORST YET.

A Conductor's Experience With a Sleep Walker.

Atlanta Constitution.

"Say, I had the worst case I ever struck coming down last night," said George Ferguson, the popular and well-known Western & Atlantic conductor, just before the train pulled out last night.

"What?" asked one of the party to whom he was talking.

"A somnambalist. A sleep-walker."

"Oh, that is nothing. I have eaten in my sleep," said one.

"Yes, and I have dreamed in my sleep!" said another.

"And I have written poetry in my sleep," said the third.

"And I have been rich in—" started the fourth.

"Yes, but none of you ever struck a man walking in his sleep on a train running 50 miles an hour," said Conductor Ferguson. "Now, let me tell you. We leave Chattanooga at 10:45. Last night I had a big crowd. On the sleeper were a gentleman and three ladies. They were rich. Going from New York South. Well, I went through the cars. The gentleman gave up the tickets. He was an elderly, fine-looking man, but I soon forgot him. About midnight I was in the smoker about four cars ahead of the sleeper, when the man came up to me, and, laying his hand on my shoulder, said:

"When does the south bound train leave?

"Leave where?" I asked.

"Chattanooga for Atlanta."

"Ten forty-five. It has left."

"Left! Why, I wanted to go on that train."

"Well, you are on it."

"No, I wanted to start to Atlanta on that train. What am I to do?'

"You are on it," I answered, beginning to think the man full.

"On it? Well, come with me and let's see."

"We walked back to the sleeper. The ladies had not retired, but were sitting up asleep. The man woke one of them and began to say something. The lady arose excitedly, and grabbing him by the shoulder shook him violently. Presently the man rubbed his eyes and then asked what was wanted. The ladies explained that he was a somnambulist, and when he awoke, which he did in a hurry, he apologized.

FOND BUT TIMID.

A Bashful Lover, a Determined Father, and a Not Unwilling Maid.

During several seasons young Parks had been a constant visitor at the house of Abimelech Morrison. Sunday after Sunday the young fellow would come, and, after sitting nearly all day, stealing glances at Sookey, old Abimelech's daughter, he would go home. He was so bashful that when the time came for his departure he would glide out of the door, jump over the fence and run like a jack-rabbit. Last Sunday he took his place as usual.

"Sam," said old Abimelech, "what's your daddy doin'?"

"Makin' uv a steer yoke, uh, huh huh."

"What's Lige doin'?"

"Ain't doin' nothin'. Dun gone to meetin' with a gal, uh, huh, huh."

"What's your mother doin'?"

"Got sorter behind on her quilt an' is a cardin' uv her bats to-day."

"Made your plant bed yit?"

"We've made one uv them but we ain't made the big one whut we 'lowed to make."

"Sam?"

"Yes, sar."

"Whut's the usen actin' sich a blame fool. You love Sook?"

"No, I don't, uh, huh, huh."

"Yes, you do."

"I don't, nuther."

"Yes, you do, an' you wanter marry her."

"I don't now, no such uv a thing, uh, huh, huh."

"Yes, you do."

"Would you give her to me of I wus ter wanter marry her?"

"Yes, you may have her. Come here, Sook," calling the girl.

"What do you want dad?" she said, entering the room.

"Hold on, Sam. Come back, you blame fool!"

Sam had jumped over the fence and was running like a jack-rabbit. Old Abemleich says that the marriage may take place as soon as Sam "ken be hemmed up an' fotch to the house."

A Smart Scheme.

Two darkies had to carry a large desk to the house of Dr. Blister, who had bought it at a furniture store. When they arrived with the desk, he was in, and directed them where to put it. The darkies expected to get a quarter apiece at least for their extra trouble, but, alas! the doctor did not give them anything at all. He forgot all about their sufferings in carrying the heavy desk up two flights of stairs.

They consulted together for a moment in the hall, and then they began to fight and pound each other, calling each other all manner of vile names. No such uproar had been heard since the adjournment of the legislature.

Dr. Blister hearing the noise, came out and wanted to know what was the cause of the disturbance.

"Dis heah niggah kep' for hisself de money what you guv him for us bofe, for totin' de desk up de stars," said Sam.

"You is a liar. De doctor didn't gib me de money. You got de money and kep' it," retorted Jim.

"You are both wrong, boys," said Dr. Blister. "I didn't give either of you anything, but I'll make it all right. Don't fight any more," and taking out his pocketbook he gave them a quarter each.

Those who assert that the colored man has no executive ability should ponder over this item.

Consoling the Widow.

An aged colored woman named Amanda Sykes, who owned a house and some cash, lost her husband, and the Rev. Whangdoodle Baxter went to the widow in order to console her. He said:

"Hit's mighty tuff dat you loses yer husband, Matilda, but you mus' try and bar up under hit. You has sustained a heaby loss, but you mus' brace up wid de consolashuns ob 'ligion. You knows dar am one who sticks closer den a brudder. He am a berry present help in time of trubble. He will never leab yer nor forsake yer."

"Dat's a fac', Parson," replied Matilda, drying her eyes. "He called ter see me las' night, an' stayed eber so long, an' he am gwine ter take me out ridin' in a buggy termorrer."

"What's yer talkin's about, you fool nggah?"

"I'se talkin' 'bout Parson Aminidab Bledso, de culled pasture ob de new Eemple ob Zion. He has been payin' me tenspuns eber sence de obsequious."—*Texas Siftings.*

What He Regretted Most.

A Texas clergyman endeavored to console the last hours of a dying man.

"What is it that you regret most taking leave of?" he asked.

"My life, parson."

KEEP OFF THE GRASS.

How a Little Dog Caused a Suit for Divorce.

Not long since an item appeared in the New York papers to the effect that Mr. Burdstick, a wealthy merchant, had brought suit for divorce. In the same paper appeared another item that Park Policeman McDonohue had almost pounded the life out of Gus Snobberly, a young society man.

It did not appear that these two items had anything to do with each other, but they had. A dog, a spaniel named Fido, was the cause of both these social disasters.

Mr. Burdstick was a short, fat man, with his head jammed down between his shoulders. He had a lurid colored face, suggestive of high feeding. He also had great difficulty in catching his breath. Like the editor of a campaign journal, he could not get along without a great deal of puffing and blowing. He was upwards of 60 years of age. Mrs. Burdstick was not more than 25 and good looking.

They were walking in Central park. When Mrs. Burdstick went to Central park her husband always accompanied her. He went with her to look after her, but there was really no occasion for it, as there were several young gentlemen looking after her when she was in the park, and among them was Gus. Snobberly, the dudiest dude in Gotham.

On this occasion Mr. and Mrs. Burdstick had met the young man on entering the park, and Mr. Burdstick had remarked how singular it was that when he came to the park by himself he never met Mr. Snobberly.

"I wonder where is Fido," said Mrs. B., looking around.

Fido was her pet dog to which she was very much attached.

"He was following along behind us a while ago," said Mr. B.

"Fido?"

"No, I mean the other puppy that is such a great pet of yours."

"Mr. Burdstick?"

"Mrs. Burdstick!"

"Mr. Snobberly is only a passing acquaintance. He is an old friend of our family, and a perfect gentleman," replied Mrs. Burdstick.

"He was over there by the statue of Burns awhile ago," said Mr. Burdstick.

"Mr. Snobberly?"

"No, Fido. There they are together now," said Mr. Burdstick, pointing to a bench in front of them, on which was seated Mr. Snobberly fondling Fido.

As Mr. and Mrs. B. strolled past, the former did not look at the gilded youth, but Mrs. B. did, as she slyly dropped a note or *billet doux*. She did not stop to pick it up.

Now if the programme had been carried out, Mr. Snobberly would have harvested the letter. As it happened, Fido saw his mistress drop the letter, and as he had been trained to fetch things, he snatched it up and darted off towards the ill-assorted couple. In vain did Mr. Snobberly whistle softly and call: "Fido! Fido! Come here! That's a nice little doggy woggy." A minute later the intelligent little animal was frisking around in front of Mrs. Burdstick, wagging his tail, and holding up the letter, as much as to say: "Ain't I a smart little dog."

Old Burdstick swooped down with an agility surprising in a man of his years and captured the letter. He smelt a rat, and with livid fingers tore it open, and after several frantic efforts he adjusted his glasses and began to read:

"Dearest Gus: The old fraud—puff—the old fraud—blow—why, that's me—will be away to-morrow—not much he won't—etc."—and the excited old gentleman kept on reading, and puffing and blowing.

The note was signed "Your Darling Lucy."

Mrs. Birdstick's name was Lucy.

He glared around like one of the wild animals. Mrs. B. was not in sight, neither was Mr. Snobberly.

All at once, a gray coated policeman darted forward, rushed across the grass, and from behind a large tree he dragged the trembling dude.

"I'll tache yer to kape off the grass," said the policeman, slamming the wretched man against a tree a time or so.

"That's right, make him keep off the grass. Brain him," exclaimed Mr. Burdstick.

"Lave me alone for that," howled the policeman, getting in some very fine Indian club experience.

It is hardly necessary to add that the policeman did his whole duty. When Snobberly comes out of the hospital he will be summoned as a witness in the divorce suit. Mrs. Burdstick has returned to her parents, and among the dogs that were drowned by the authorities in East river, there was one that bore a remarkable resemblance to unfortunate Fido.—*Texas Siftings.*

He Took It

Recent Literature.

Students' Songs. Compiled and edited by William H. Hills. Harvard Class of 1880. Published by Moses King, Cambridge, Mass. Price, 50 cents.

This publication contains the newest and most popular college songs used at the leading colleges of the country. They have the peculiar oreeziness peculiar to the best of such music, and the collection is, therefore, a most excellent one.

MRS. CRESPIGNY. By Mrs. Francis Hodgson Burnett. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Price 50 cents.

This is one of a series of novelettes by this charming writer which is in course of publication by the Peterson's. It is a love story, bright and pleasant for summer reading, and will be welcome to those who are seeking to pass leisure hours away at watering places and mountain resorts.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ART IN AMERICA. By Carl De Muldor. William Jenkins, New York.

This is a very suggestive treatise upon the present relations of American art to the advancement of American civilization, and proposes the formation of an art bureau, similar to the department of agriculture, where the valuable and material interests of art may be fostered, encouraged and protected. The book is of much value to all interested in the welfare of the country, and its suggestions are timely and pertinent. Paper, 50 cents. Cloth, $1 00.

GEORGE ELIOT'S POETRY AND OTHER STUDIES. By Rose Elizabeth Cleveland. Funk & Wagnalls, New York. Price, cloth $1.50.

These essays, excellent as they are in themselves, would scarcely command so wide an attention, were not their author the first lady in the land, she who is now presiding at the White House. The first, which give its name to the volume, attracts because it is a careful study of another woman's writings—a study which has produced some original thoughts well expressed. All of the essays will bear careful reading. Theory and philosophy, a keen insight into the moving springs of human action, and will therefore be read with pleasure by thoughtful people. The book has already reached its seventh edition.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF GEN. UPTON. By Peter S. Michie, Professor U. S. Military Academy. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

This volume will be read with the deepest interest by the many to whom Gen. Upton was known and who regarded his soldierly qualities as his administration. He was not only brave as a lion, but he had that true moral courage which renders a man a power among his fellows. His sad death by his own hand in the spring of 1881 was a terrible shock to his countrymen, who had no premonition of anything which would lead to such an act. The author of the book was one who knew Gen. Upton well, and he has thrown all of his force and skill upon the theme of his death. He has also given a most pleasant narrative of his short but brilliant life, making a striking picture of his masterly qualities of head and heart. The volume should find many readers.

THE MANUAL OF PHONOGRAPHY. By Benn Pitman and Jerome B. Howard. Phonographic Institute, Cincinnati.

This work is a revised edition of the "Manual of Phonography" which was prepared by Mr. Pitman 30 years ago, and has for that time been the standard text book for students. But few changes have been made from the original, and those such as have stood the test of experience and are not the result of individual caprice.

A NEMESIS: OR TINTED VAPORS. By J. Harwood Tobias, author of "The Cure of Souls." D. Appleton & Co., New York. Price 25 cents.

This is a story of a crime and of its discovery, the scene of which is laid in Lancashire, Eng. The secondary title of the book comes from the thin pinkish vapor emitted from the great chimney of the chemical and drug works of Timperley, "which stole away imperceptibly over the neighborhood to poison all green things."

HARRY MARLINE; or Notes from an American Midshipman's Lucky Bag. By Admiral Porter. D. Appleton & Co., New York. Price, paper, $1.

This volume contains a number of stories written for the amusement and education of the boys by Admiral Porter when years ago—five years before the beginning of the war in which he won deserved fame and honor. These were subsequently published in the *United Service Magazine*, and they are now reproduced in book form. The humor of the stories is of the rollicking "jolly-jack-tar" sort, and will be relished by all young-sters, if not by all "old tars."

THE DEVIL'S PORTRAIT, by Anton Gisell Bazlen. Translated from the Italian by Evelyn Woodhouse. William S. Gottsberger, New York. Price 40 cents.

This is a well written story of the Italian school, full of love, pathos and tragedy, one that will linger in the memory of the reader, even though it be profound by the sorrow and despair of the hero and heroine of whom they read.

THE TINTED VENUS. A Farcical Romance. By F. Anstey, author of "Vice Versa," etc. D. Appleton & Co., New York. Price 25 cents.

The Tinted Venus is a rather droll piece of foolery, narrating the adventures of a London hairdresser with a marble Venus, who becomes animated by his placing a ring on her finger. The absurd and perplexing situations into which the barber is driven by the persistent and relentless Aphrodite are quite comical, and, as far as the reader is concerned, very enjoyable.

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY.

The August number of this most excellent of magazines is full of good things. Among them are: "Germs and Insanity," by James Sully; "Concerning the Supernatural Book," by Edward L. Youmans; "An Experiment in Primary Education," by Dr. Mary Putnam-Jacobi; "On Leaves," by Sir John Lubbock; "Diet in Relation to Age and Activity," by Sir H. Thompson; "Measures of Vital Tenacity," by Dr. B. W. Richardson, F. R. S.; "Curiosities of Time Reckoning," by M. L. Barré, and several others, all full of interest. The number is extremely good. D. Appleton & Co., New York. Yearly subscription, $5.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

The table of contents for August is as follows: "Can Cholera Be Averted?" This is a symposium of the opinions of five well-known physicians; "The Animal Soul," by Dr. Frederick A. Oswald; "A Profane View of the Sanctum," by M. J. Savage; "Temperance Reform Statistics," by Prof. Willis J. Beecher; "The Price of Gas," by Charles Hull Botsford; "The Spoliation of the Public Lands," by George W. Julian, and "Comments" upon various articles previously published in the magazine, No. 30 Lafayette Place, New York. Yearly subscription, $5.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

The numbers for July 18 and 25 contain among others "The First Epoch in the Italian Renaissance," and "A Visit to the Temple of Heaven at Peking," *London Quarterly*; "The Irish Parliament of 1782," *Nineteenth Century*; "Stuart Pretenders," *Scottish Review*; "Bismarck as a Diplomatist," and "The Russian Armament," *Temple Bar*; From "Reminiscences of my Life," by Mary Howitt, *Good Words*; "A Brother of the Misericordia," and "Bee and Ant Phenomena," *Chambers' Journal*; "Music and Musicians," and "Seasons in London," *All the Year Round*; "The Franco-Chinese Treaty and British Trade," *Economist*. For 52 numbers of 64 large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year) the subscription price ($8) is low; while for $10 50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American $4 00 monthlies or weeklies with *The Living Age* for a year, postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston.

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

The August number has a most interesting table of contents, as this magazine always has, showing that the hot wave has not diminished the working capabilities of its editor and corps of contributors. The frontispiece is a portrait of Gen. John A. Dix and a very fine one it is. There is a second instalment of Gen. Jordan's "Beginning of the Civil War in America;" an article about "The Charleston Convention," by Gen. Cochrane; "The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes," by Hon. James W. Gerard; and several others, together with the usual editorial comments, reviews, etc. No. 30 Lafayette Place, New York. Yearly subscription, $5.

THE ART AMATEUR.

The August number contains seven plates of supplement designs, many of them very beautiful. The illustrated article upon "Decoration and Furniture" is excellent, as are "A Newport Nursery," that upon "Amateur Photography"—the fourth of a series—"Two Artists and Christian Subjects," "The Hindu Costume," etc. Published by Montague Marks, 23 Union Square, New York. Yearly subscription $4.

OUR LITTLE ONES.

The August issue opens with a cunning poem upon "The Nighthawk," which is illustrated on the opposite page. There are a number of very pretty stories sure to interest the children. The illustrations are admirable. Russell Publishing Company, 36 Bromfield street, Boston. Yearly subscription $1 50.

The following new music comes from Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston: Haven, 50 cts., by Winter & Shaw; It came with the merry May, love, 35 cts., by Paolo Tosti; My love, farewell, 35 cts., by V. E. Nessler; Ehren on the Rhine, 50 cts., arranged for guitar, by Hayden; Whatever is, is best, 35 cts., by Smith; See-saw March, 40 cts., by Crowe; A la Polka, 35 cts., piano piece, by Wels.

"Blow Your Big Bazoo" is a song inscribed to Texas journalists by the author, Chas. J. C. Puckette, and published by Thos. Coggan & Bro., Galveston. Price 40 cents.

"Florida Forever," words and music by L. A. Bennett, is a pretty song which will be found advertised elsewhere in the BLADE.

"Gen. Grant's Funeral March" is an appropos piece of music, written by A. H. Rosewig and published by Lee & Walker, Philadelphia.

"Treason in Utah" is the title of a little pamplet giving a true account of the insults perpetrated against the government by rebellious Mormons on July 4, 1885. Price, postpaid, 10 cents. Frank E. Housh, publisher, Brattleboro, Vt.

"The Bane of Bendon. A Tale of New Hampshire," is a thrilling story written in the interest of temperance by C. F. Sparrow, and published by Ogden & Bros., Knoxville, Tenn. It will pay for a reading.

The *Southern Bivouac* is a literary and historical magazine published by B. F. Avery & Sons, at Louisville, Ky. Subscription price, $2 a year. The August number is replete with interest. It is gotten up in good style and deserves success. The present is the third number of a new series.

The just published Annual Catalogue of the College of Music of Cincinnati for 1884-5 is of great value and interest to thousands of people, besides those connected with the famous school. It has a list of the officers, faculty, and students, statement of its organization, its wealth of endowments, the course of study in each department, and the complete programmes of over sixty public performances given during the season, principally by the students and faculty of the college. This catalogue of 67 closely printed pages can be had of George Ward Nichols, President College of Music of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Anna Maria's Housekeeping, by Mrs. S. D. Power, is a very lively book on a common place subject. The directions for the various operations of housekeeping are spiced with personal allusions and with incidental pleasantries which will make the book a household companion. D. Lothrop & Co.—*N. Y. Observer.*

SIX MILLION MILES OF FENCE.

Costing $2,000,000,000—A History of Fence Building.

An Augusta (Me.) correspondent of the Boston *Herald* writes that according to the best estimates there are 6,000,000 miles of farm fences in the United States, costing over $2,000,000,000. In many states the fences on a farm cost more than the buildings standing on it, and that, too, where lumber is abundant and cheap. The amount of labor and money consumed annually in building and repairing fences—few are aware of it—is just so much taken from the productive interests of the country. Both law and custom prescribe fencing. It is an ancient tradition. The Plymouth colonies in Massachusetts gave us the first fences known in this country in 1632. They were erected to protect planted crops against damages from creatures going at large. It was said before a meeting of the American Institute Farmers' club at New York, in 1850, that the farmers in this country were educated under the system of fences; under the notion that a man is bound to protect his property by fencing out the world; that the law has no power, and that there is no general respect for the right of property, but that you must fence out all intruders and guard your property with walls and fences.

It is all founded on fiction. The law does protect a man's property. His real estate and its products are his, and whether fenced or unfenced, they lie under protection of the law. In continuation of this matter the correspondent says that most of our New England farms are inclosed with fences—straight, crooked and irregular—good, bad and indifferent. Most farms are so subdivided as to resemble a checker-board. Everything seems to be fenced. The fences are almost as varied as they are abundant. The Virginia rail fence is the pioneer; then the log fence, stonewall, stump fence, pitch pole fence, worm fence and the post and rail fence. Not less than four feet in height constitute the lawful fence. Stone wall is the main fence in Maine and Massachusetts, and perhaps in Connecticut also. Maine also has the rail and board fence, and the bush fence. Rail fences are the cheapest. The roots and stumps of large trees, set up edgewise, make most effective fences. The stone wall would last forever, if it were well and carefully laid in the first place and the frost did not play havoc with it. As commonly built, the stone wall will keep out all kinds of stock except sheep. It is insisted that stones could not be more cheaply disposed of than by laying in wall form.

Good fences, says a Kennebec farmer, as reported, make good neighbors, yet he refuses for himself to believe in them. There are over 64,000 farmers in Maine, he said. Their farms have in the aggregate over 42,000,000 rods of fence, or more than 131,000 miles. Ornamental fences merely are not included in these nor are upwards of 2,000 miles of railroad fencing. In the entire state there are 11,000,000 rods of highway fences, 16,000,000 rods of partition fences, and some 15,000,000 rods of division fences. At a cost of $1 a rod, which the speaker considered a fair estimate, the total cost of fences in Maine is over $42,000,000, which is nearly as much as all the farms and the buildings are worth. It is twice and a half of the value of live stock in the state, and nearly as much as the whole state has invested in manufactures. Reckoning changes and repairs, loss from yearly decay, the cost of breaking roads through snowdrifts caused by high fences, and the interest on the first cost, taxes, etc., and he estimated that the fences cost the state annually not less than $6,000,000, which he sets down as so much yearly loss in cash and labor to the farmers of Maine. It seems like a useless and extravagant expenditure.

Being asked what he would do, he said that fences should be confined exclusively to pasture; the rest should be abolished. Road fences only cause the roads to drift in the winter. Fencing a mowing field enables the farmer to feed his stock in it during the spring and fall. His idea is, that all the fencing a farm should have should be simply to confine animals where they are placed. The farmers would rid themselves of a heavy tax by doing away with their road fences, and, where necessary, enforcing the law respecting roaming cattle. The law does not compel the farmers to fence the roads, but their occupied or improved lands only. The law respecting the liability of owners of cattle is vague and obscure. Other Maine farmers would abolish fences altogether. It takes 8,000,000 rods of fences for the pastures alone, in which are kept 900,000 head of neat stock. While owners of adjoining lands are required to maintain partition fences, bearing the expense equally, there is no law obliging them to build fences to prevent trespass by neighbors' cattle. The law requires animals to be fenced in, not fenced out. The highway belongs to the traveling public, and the owners of stock roaming in the highway are liable for damages. Fences are being dispensed with in the old countries, and they should be in the new.

Garotting in London.

Sir Randal Roberts was garotted by two men in Chapel place, Oxford street, London, about a fortnight ago, and robbed of everything he had about him. The usual system of sudden attack from behind was employed, one scoundrel throttling the victim while the other rifled his pockets. The unfortunate man had only parted a few minutes previously with Mr Harrington O'Reilly, with whom he had been walking. Neither gentleman had any suspicion that they were being watched or followed. Although Sir Randal called lustily for help, no policeman was forthcoming to render assistance. Unfortunately, says the *Saturday Review*, Sir Randal Roberts is not the only victim of nocturnal violence in London during the last few weeks. Two members of Parliament, Mr. Dillwyn and Charles James, have been attacked by roughs on their way home, and Mr. James was seriously hurt.

—Purify your blood, tone up the system and regulate the digestive organs by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists.

$1,000 A YEAR.

A Small Income in a City, and What Can Be Done With It by a Woman Who Knows How.

A good deal of discussion has been going on as to what can be done with $1,000 per year, and, as a very practical illustration, I will give you the experience of my friend, Julia Richards, the names being the only fictitious matter in this article.

The Richards were very comfortably off when married, having an income of $2,500 per year. Julia, who had never been taught to save, spent freely; they kept two servants, lived well, had two children in the course of time, and when the youngest child was 5 years old Mr. Richards lost everything—how, I know not, but honorably. They "went home" to his father's, but Julia soon saw that would not do, and when Phil found a situation at $1,000 per year she insisted on going to housekeeping. They had kept enough furniture to furnish the little house they rented in the outskirts of S——. There was a parlor, bedroom, dining-room and kitchen on one floor, with three bedrooms above, which Julia did not furnish. As she did her own work, she used as little space as possible. Before Laura started to look for a house, she divided their weekly expenses thus:

For charity or church	$ 1 00
Rent	3 00
Butcher (40 cents per day)	5 00
Grocer	5 00
Washerwoman	2 00
Clothes	4 00
Coal	1 00
Incidentals	1 00
Total	$19 00

After keeping house from May to August, she found the grocer's bills could be kept within $3, the butcher's account often only amounted to $2 and, as they had a good stock of clothes on hand, the $4 for clothes was rarely touched, while the coal amounted to about nothing, as they used an oil stove through the summer. Laura hired a woman to wash on Tuesday, and as the washing was done by noon the woman swept the little house in the afternoon and scrubbed up the kitchen. Then, through the week, little by little, Julia learned the easy pieces, and on Saturday, when the faithful woman came to iron the starched pieces, they were gotten out of the way by 11 o'clock, and then the house had another good sweeping. In this way Julia made her own work comparatively light.

I do not mean to say that she found it easy to do all this; she was very tired many times. The children were children, not saints. Dinner came around just as often, now that she had it to cook as it had come when she gave no thought to such matters. Yet, after all, we tire of any steady work at times, and when the tired feeling came, if it were possible, Julia rested. And just here I beg young housekeepers to take notice how often this is possible if you would but believe it.

For instance, after dressing the children, getting the breakfast and washing the dishes, Julia felt thoroughly tired. There was her bedroom all in disorder and most women would go to work, tired or not, to "put it straight." Not so with this wise woman. The windows were shielded by mosquito netting, and, letting the sun and air fill the room, she rested on the dining room lounge, reading Bible stories to the children, or looking a verse or two of some poem. It might be that parlor and bedroom did not get put in thorough order till the afternoon, but better a room out of order than a body and spirit.

The trouble is that when most women try to economize they save everything except their own strength—the most costly thing of all. In the afternoon Julia did her marketing, for a good aunt had warned her that she must see to every purchase; you can't send your orders on an income of $1,000. She soon learned to use the fire on washing and ironing days for baking bread and roasting a joint of meat and so save cooking on other days. Does her butcher's bill seem incredibly small? They did not have steak or mutton chops very often, I grant you, but Julia found she could buy a fine piece of roast beef for thirteen or fourteen cents a pound and then have two steaks cut off the joint. In the same way she bought a hind quarter of mutton, and wrapping the leg in a cloth dipped in vinegar, hung it in her cool cellar, where even in summer it would keep for several days. One of the chops were broiled, any some made into a stew with tomatoes. Beef's kidney stewed with boiled rice and tomatoes made a wholesome dinner, and no one but Julia and the butcher knew that the meat cost but ten cents.

But as winter came in Phil looked troubled. "We must have coal, Julia," he said one August night, "by the end of another month, and more than $1 worth a week."

"Certainly we must," said Julia, cheerfully, "and you see since last May I have been saving for it. What do you think of that to spend in coal, now that it is so cheap?"

Phil took the roll of bills and counted them slowly, with glistening eyes. How much care, thought and self-denial that little roll represented.

"I think," he said, "a wife who has saved $50 in four months, deserves—all the love a husband can give."

That was a happy evening for Julia, and she was amply repaid for all her sacrifices. Phil, on his side, had his surprise, for he had hardly touched the $2.50 a week Julia had insisted he should take for his clothes. Car fares on rainy days had cost him something, but save for that and some shoes, his share of the weekly allowance was laid by—nearly $30, to add to Julia's roll.

"I don't see how you have done it," said Phil, admiringly. "When I think of our wretched life at the big house I can't be grateful enough to you for helping me as you do. The joke of the thing is my mother is sure you must keep a servant or have one come in! She asked me what you did with your ten-dishes, Julia, and I could truly say I did not know. I never thought of it till then, but it is remarkable that you never wash dishes at night."

"Come in the kitchen and I'll show you my contrivance," said Julia, and let the way to a wash tub with a tightly fitting cover. Lifting the cover she showed Phil the dishes lying in water.

"It doesn't hurt them at all to lie till morning, and when I wash the breakfast dishes it is very little extra trouble to do these."

"But, Julia, suppose you should be taken sick or the children be ill?"

"Well, dear, that's why I'm so glad of these savings. Let us get ten tons of coal and put $30 in the bank for an emergency fund. We can add to it the amount laid aside for coal each week and more, too, and I have been anxious to propose that we should be even more economical. Would you agree to eat meal and milk with bread and butter and coffee for breakfast?"

"Do we not need meat or fish?"

"The doctors say not. Suppose we try it! Then, if now and then we made our dinner off a good pot of soup, would you mind?"

"Not in the winter time, but does not soup cost as much as meat?"

"My dear, as soon as it is cold weather, I mean to save the liquor in which I boil corn beef. In this liquor I boil bones to freshen it (my butcher gives me a quantity of beef bones for ten cents), and adding vermicelli and tomato, we have soup enough for two or three dinners—cost, twenty cents. Then, if it were necessary to economize further, I could devise still other ways."

This brief recital will show how one family lived happily upon $1,000 a year in a city. No doubt experience would make better and easier living possible upon the same sum, so long as good health continued. Without that, all economical schemes fail, and even a fortune cannot bring happiness.

Not Quite Ready.

A negro and his family living on the Decatur division of the Louisville & Nashville railroad recently attempted one of the most sensational swindles of the day. There are ten children in the family, and the husband and wife find it hard work to feed so many mouths. At a family council it was finally decided that one of the children should sit down on the railroad track and be run over by a passenger train. The parents would then sue the company for damages, with which the remaining youngsters could be fed, clothed and educated. One of the boys was so much struck with the project that he volunteered to sacrifice himself for the good of the others. Shortly before the train was due he took a seat on the track and waited. The train came thundering along. The little darky held the fort. He was true grit until the engine got within a few feet of him, when he gave an unearthly yell, and with a bound in mid-air made tracks. The authorities investigated the matter and the above facts all came out.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

The Bend in Your Shoulders.

Look after the bend in your shoulders just below the nape of the neck, mesdames, for this proclaims Sarah Bernhardt's age, according to an astute critic, who says no stage artifice can conceal this evidence of 40 years, now perfectly apparent in this once delectable French artist. Women who hate to grow old will be obliged to do something more than repair their faces if this worldly observation is really true. A wrinkle, a lost tooth, a gray hair, is mere child's play to "the bend in the shoulders just below the nape of the neck." Something must be done to straighten it out.

THE TENTH CENSUS.

Synopsis of Interesting Facts Compiled from the Reports of the Census of the United States, Taken in 1880.

BY GODFREY JAEGER.

The census of 1880 cost the government nearly four million dollars. Its publication was finished in 1883, and yet no newspaper or periodical has, up to this time, printed even a single one of the two thousand pages contained in the two volumes of the "Compendium."

In preparing statistical tables, adapted to the columns of a newspaper, many items of interest must necessarily be omitted, and we shall confine ourselves to the most important. In the statistics of manufactures, for instance, we shall give the number of establishments, number of hands employed, annual wages paid, capital invested and value of products. Even these will probably tax the width of a single column beyond its capacity, as the figures are stupendous, and will be a revelation to the general reader.

In order to comprehend the wonderful development of our country it is necessary to make comparisons with the statistics of former decades. In our space these will be possible only to a very limited extent.

Nearly all the percentages had to be computed, involving much labor; but we deem them of sufficient importance to compensate for the work. The "compendium" is very deficient in this respect.

Population.

The center of population in 1880:

Latitude 39° 04′ 08″
Longitude 84° 39′ 49″

This point is one and a half miles southeast of the village of Taylorsville, Ky.; or eight miles west by south from the heart of the city of Cincinnati.

Population in 1880.

	Males.	Females.	Total
States	25,07 6,9	24,295,721	49,371,340
Territories	443,291	341,242	784,443
Total	25,518,820	24,636,963	50,155,783
Excess of males in states			.32 per cent.
" " territories			.30 per cent.

Nativity.

Natives	42,475,840
Foreign born	6,679,943
Total	50,155,783

Race.

White	43 402,970
Colored	6,580,793
Chinese	105,465
Japanese	148
Indians, civilized—not including Indian Territory	66,407
Total	50,155,783

The colored population constitutes 13.1 per cent. of the entire population; 22.6 of the Southern and 1.1 of the Northern states; ⅛ of 1 per cent. of the territories; 33 per cent. of the District of Columbia. In three states the blacks outnumber the whites: In Louisiana by 28,701; Mississippi, 170,893; South Carolina, 213,227.

The per cent. of foreign-born population has been as follows: In 1860, 13.1; in 1870, 14.4; in 1880, 13.3.

The per cent. of population living west of the Mississippi river, at the close of the several decades, was as follows: In 1810, 1.28; 1820, 2.43; 1830, 3; 1840, 5.14; 1850, 8.62; 1860, 14.43; 1870, 17.84; 1880, 22.45.

The per cent. of increase in the entire population, during the several decades from that ending 1880 to 1880, was as follows: In 1800, 35.13; 1810, 36.38; 1820, 33.07; 1830, 33.55; 1840, 32.67; 1850, 35.87; 1860, 35.58; 1870, 22.62; 1880, 30.08.

As will be observed there was a marked falling off in the rate of increase during the decade ending 1870, in which occurred the war of the rebellion, being only 22.62. In the northern states the increase of whites was 27.7, while in the southern states it was only 17, and leaving out the state of Missouri, in which there was an increase of over half a million, it reduces the ratio in the remaining fifteen southern states to 11.5. The increase of blacks in the southern states was only 9.9. In the states of Alabama and South Carolina there was a decrease of white population.

During the decade ending 1880, the increase in the white population of the North was 26.8 per cent; in the South 32.4. Evidently this result must have been largely due to migration. The blacks in the South increased 24.8, being 4.72 more than the average of the whole.

Divided into North and South, exclusive of territories, the population in 1880 was as follows:

22 Northern states.....50,861,731—62.5 per cent.
16 Southern states.....18,509,659—37.5 per cent.

The per cent. of increase in Ohio, during decade ending 1860, was 18.1; 1870—13.9; 1880—19.9.

Density of Population.

The following table shows the number of inhabitants to the square mile. We give the nearest integer, using no fraction, except where the population is sparse, or where the fraction is ¾ (.5):

Alabama	24.5	Missouri	31.5
Arizona	0.4	Montana	0.3
Arkansas	15	Nebraska	5.9
California	5.5	Nevada	0.6
Colorado	1.9	New Hampshire	58.5
Connecticut	128.5	New Jersey	198
Dakota	0.9	New Mexico	1
Delaware	75	New York	107
Dist. of Columbia	266.1	North Carolina	29
Florida	5	Ohio	78.5
Georgia	26	Oregon	1.8
Idaho	0.4	Pennsylvania	95
Illinois	95	Rhode Island	265
Indiana	85	South Carolina	33
Iowa	39	Tennessee	57
Kansas	12	Texas	6.1
Kentucky	41	Utah	1.7
Louisiana	21	Vermont	58
Maine	22	Virginia	38
Maryland	95	Washington	1.1
Massachusetts	222	West Virginia	25
Michigan	28.5	Wisconsin	24
Minnesota	10	Wyoming	0.2
Mississippi	24		

Total area, with Indian Territory intentionally omitted, is 2,900,170 square miles. Average number of inhabitants to the square mile, 17.29.

Population by Drainage Basins.

	Approximate area. Sq. Miles.	Population.
New England coast	61,880	3,788,344
Middle Atlantic coast	83,020	9,240,987
South Atlantic coast	132,040	4,114,560
Great lakes	175,340	5,688,147
Gulf of Mexico (including Miss. river system)	1,725,980	25,884,117
Great Basin (Salt Lake)	64,548	179,840
Pacific Ocean	619,240	1,321,383

Distribution of Population in Elevation above Sea-level.

	Population.
100 feet	9,152,296
100— 500 "	10,776,284
500— 1000 "	19,024,320
1000— 1500 "	7,904,780
1500— 2000 "	1,858,715
2000— 3000 "	664,923
3000— 5000 "	295,780
5000— 6000 "	271,317
6000—10000 "	161,090
above 10000 "	95,078

Distribution of Population in Accordance with the Mean Annual Temperature.

Below 40°	273,581
40-45	3,498,225
45-50	14,698,855
50-55	16,285,833
55-60	7,466,685
60-65	5,304,896
65-70	3,259,391
70-75	423,416
Above 75	11,061

Distribution of Population in Latitude.

40-45	793,781
45-43	4,446,183
43-41	11,395,892
41-39	14,127,874
39-37	6,887,226
37-34	6,033,401
34-31	4,937,950
31-24	1,673,505

Distribution of Population in Longitude.

67-73	8,314,807
73-85	19,058,771
85-95	17,519,661
95-105	3,294,760
105-115	478,886
115-125	1,189,702

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Putnam's Cave.

The cave out which Israel Putnam dragged the wolf is seldom visited because it is in a stony, mountainous forest, in a remote corner of Connecticut. A picnic party recently made the tedious trip, which involved several miles of very rough walking. There are pictures in primers, of Putnam entering the cave rect, with a blazing torch held above his head. The hole is really so small that it can only be explored on hands and knees, and an adult cannot turn around it. The length is 300 feet, and tradition says that the hero followed the beast to the further end, shot him between the eyes by their own glow, and then was drawn out with him by means of a rope.

Origin of the Names "Xenia" and "Crestline."

Railroad travelers in Ohio who hear breakmen shout the names of Xenia and Crestline wonder as to their origin. The first thought of Xenia is that it is derived from the Greek, but no, it is an absolute French word, meaning "A new year's gift." The town was laid out on the first day of the year and the name suggested by some French traders.

Crestline is so called because it is on the "water shed" of Ohio, the "crest" in fact. Near this town is a barn built right on the ridge. The water from the north roof goes to the lake, that from the south roof to the Ohio river.

Helpless Upon a Friendless Seat

Who, in taking passage in a great trans-Atlantic steamer, does not feel a thrill of exultation over her magnificent power. Against her the Storm King may hurl his elemental forces, nor pierce her armor, nor stop her onward course.

But let me describe a scene when, one morning in mid-ocean, there came an alarm from the pilot house followed by the cry: "The ship's rudder is lost!" From the confident expression, consternation came to every face. The wheelman being helpless to direct her course, the vessel was at the mercy of wind and wave.

The captain had been negligent—the hangings of the rudder were allowed to wear weak, and suddenly it had dropped deep into the sea!

Strong in intellect, in physical vigor, in energy and in ambition, man confronts, undaunted, gigantic tasks and commands applause for his magnificent achievements. But all unexpectedly, an alarm comes—the rudder of his constitution is gone. He has been careless of its preservation; mental strain, nervous excitement, irregular habits, overwork, have destroyed the action of his kidneys and liver. This would not occur were Warner's safe cure used to maintain vigor. And even now it may restore vitality to those organs which will lead him to the haven of his ambition.—*The Traveler.*

JOHN ROACH.

Some Facts About Our Navy—The Democratic Falsehoods About It Exposed—Slanders on Mr. Roach Refuted.

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, under the caption, "A Little More Truth Needed," gives the following excellent editorial article:

Harper's Weekly is responsible for the following reckless and unscrupulous error of fact. It says:

"The one clear and disagreeable fact is that there have been enormous appropriations for a navy during the last few years, and that there is no navy to show for the money."

All the appropriations for constructing a navy since 1865 and anterior to the four vessels concerning which the "government" declares there is no contract, would not run the larger printing establishment for one year. The appropriations actually expended amount to exactly $3,200,000 for naval construction for fourteen years, for which the government has twelve modern-built iron and steel compound engine war steamships, viz: The Trenton, the Ranger, the Alert, the Huron, the Adams, the Enterprise, the Essex, the Alliance, the Nipsic, and three small iron sloops of war. Besides this, about four millions have been expended on naval repairs, of which not more than three millions were paid to John Roach. The four vessels allotted to Roach, upon bids 12 per cent. less than they could be built for by others, would amount to about $3,000,000 more if there were only a contract with the government for building them.

Compare this paltry $11,000,000 at the outside with the $205,000,000 expended by Great Britain on naval construction in the same period. The so-called "enormous appropriations" become like the expenses of a peanut stand in the street when brought into contrast with the Harper (re)publishing house.

But *Harper's Weekly* is not the only journal which holds the truth to be too dear to be given away where any cheaper substitute will suffice. The New York *Times* also says of Mr. Roach:

"As an iron founder there was a time when he believed in free pig iron. * * * By the heavy duties on competing foreign imports, by the prohibition of foreign competition in the coasting or the ocean-going ships he built, by princely and princely subsidies to the companies for which he built ships, and in which he was largely direct owner, he has been for more than a score of years surrounded by the sustaining arm of the government, and he has leaned heavily on it. * * * By his trained and paid professional lobby in Washington he has sought to influence and has influenced the action of Congress to such an extent that it may be said he has made the laws to advance his own schemes and secure his own enrichment."

Mr. Roach had no contracts from the government except by being the lowest bidder, or by accepting a price fixed by the department itself after receiving all bids. This did not make him the favorite of Congress or of any department. There was never a time when John Roach believed in free pig iron. Roach has repeatedly shown in his arguments that if any man in the shipping business could have an interest in being a free-trader it would be he, as he was the largest user and purchaser of importable products.

Since the political platforms of both parties assert his protectionist arguments to be valid, it is superfluous either to attack or defend them.

As to the "princely subsidies to the companies for which he built his ships," the facts are these:

In the fiscal year 1883-4 the whole contribution made by the United States toward the maintenance of mail communication with foreign ports amounted to only $516,-322.13, of which amount $263,621.52 was to the trans-Atlantic service, which was all performed by foreign vessels and in which the vessels built by Roach took no part. The sum paid for the trans Pacific service was $10,251.14, and for service to the West Indies, Canada, and Central and South America the sum of $33,749.47 was disbursed, of which the munificent sum of $4,453.06 was paid for lines running from New York and Newport News to ports of Brazil, in which lines Mr. Roach was said to have an interest. Meanwhile the government was collecting as postage on the whole ocean mail service three times as much as this, or $1,578,584, or more than six times as much as it was paying to the vessels which performed the service.

John Roach's "trained and professional lobby in Washington" consisted of John Roach himself and Mr. Marcus Hanlon, the editor of the *American Protectionist*, who went down to Washington to explain to the Naval and Postal committees that the United States was subsidizing its "star routes" by collecting from its ships and paying over to its star routes $6.50 for every $1 which it allowed its ships to retain as compensation for services rendered exclusively by themselves. This effort to teach Congress that it was taxing its merchant marine to sustain its star routes is styled by the *Times*, John Roach's trained and paid professional lobby! This was subsidy begging. The effort signally failed. But the superficial and venal newspapers of New York neither knew nor cared whether it failed or succeeded. It was enough for them to know that John Roach was a man whom they could neither blackmail nor bully, and who always met their abuse with the simple facts.

John Roach's steamers were bound to carry ocean letters at two cents a letter. This two cents per letter amounted for the Brazil line to $4,619 a year. It had to compete with an English-Brazilian line which was paid $56,620 by England and a much larger sum by Brazil against the $4,619 against Roach's line.

Attempting to get more than the two cents and failing, subjects Roach to the charge of "making laws to advance his own schemes," and of "leaning heavily on the arm of the government."

Mr. Roach may or may not have been interested in the lines to the West Indies. The sum of $12,208 was paid them for mail service on which the government collected probably ten times as much. Meanwhile England was paying her West India lines for like service, $406,811. We paid our American steamers plying between San Francisco and China, Japan, and Australia for mail service $14,171, while England paid her rival China and East India lines $1,790,000. Our total "subsidies" of $316,000, on which the government made a net profit of $1,700,000, are expected to sustain a competition with English lines, to which the British Government had paid in 30 years $260,000,000, or an average of nearly $9,000,000 a year.

In the light of these facts there is no portion of our population whose brutal ignorance and utterly venal and licentious disregard of the truth afford so strong grounds for distrusting the possibility of the permanence of republican government in America as to the unscrupulous and systematic mendacity of the journals above commented on. They go so far to confirm the truth of a remark once made by Mr. Roach himself to the effect that to make freedom of the press a blessing it is essential that the press should be both intelligent and pure. A press which is both ignorant and dishonest may be a source of more danger and loss to a country than either domestic or foreign war.

How They Pronounce It.

"Have you read the *Pawl Mawl Gazette?*" asked a man with a purely American type of countenance, in an elevated car yesterday.

"I have not seen a *Pal Mal Gazette*," replied his younger friend, who aped the English dress.

Then a real red-faced Englishman in the corner spoke up and said: "The *Pell Mell* is my favorite paper," and nobody said a word till the brakeman yelled out, "Change for City Hall!"—*N. Y World.*

Throw Away Trusses

when our new method, without use of knife, is guaranteed to permanently cure the worst cases of rupture. Send 10 cents in stamps for references and pamphlet. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Camp Fire.

Chat Around the Fire.

T. H. B. Baker, 5th Indiana Cavalry, Pekin, Ind., calls on some of his comrades to write up the services of that regiment for the CAMP FIRE.

J. S. Ferrier, 8th Mo. Cav., Little Falls, W. T., arraigns the G. A. R. committee which made an adverse report on the resolution favoring pensioning all Union soldiers. He says: "It is plain to be seen that the soldier who served three years and never was inside of a hospital has no chance to draw

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, addressed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If the question is of such a kind it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the next issue. The question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle petty disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to demand a reply. As all matter for this department passes through the hands of one man, he is the best judge of what shall and what shall not be answered. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

Reader, Indiana:

Please give the address of Chautauqua, described in the Weekly of February.

We do not know what you refer to. There is a Chautauqua in Kansas, also in New York—both situated in a county of the same name.

J. U., Toronto, Kan.:

What is the BLADE'S opinion as to the prospects of another war with the South?

There does not seem to be any danger of another war. The South has the national administration, and appears to be satisfied. The South has had enough of war for a hundred years, at least.

D. E. R., Stanwood, Mich.:

1. What is the value of a silver dollar with eight feathers in the tail? 2. Who is authority on coins? Please give a Michigan man, if possible.

1. Do not think they command any premium. 2. Coin dealers must advertise, the same as other business men.

Inquirer, Hannibal, Mo.:

1. What is meant by the United States Dispensatory? 1. Is there a manual published on swimming?

1. A book, written by G. B. Wood and F. Bache, which treats of the composition of medicines and the methods of preparing them. 2. Do not know of any.

Sub., Nashua, N. H.:

1. What is the population of Washington, D. C.? 2. What number in Georgetown? 3. Are there any other cities or towns within the limits of the District of Columbia?

1. About 110,000. 2. About 12,000. 3. No, but a number of postoffice stations. The total population of the District is about 178,000.

Sub., East Toledo, O.:

1. What was the ranking officer to supersede Gen. Winfield Scott, had he been killed or removed before the war?

Albert Sidney Johnston would have succeeded Scott, we believe, had the change been made in the order of rank. Joe Johnston protested against Lee's appointment as commander of the regular army, on the ground that he (Johnston) outranked Lee in the regular army.

S. S. F., Barnesville, Pa.:

What did Washington say when he heard of Arnold's treason?

"I thought," he said, "that a man who had played his part so well for our country had been tried; but I am convinced now that those who are wanting in private probity are unworthy of public confidence. Arnold had been a speculator, had resorted to dishonorable means to gain money, had been tried, and the sentence was that he should be reprimanded by Washington.

Reader, Plain City, O.:

1. Give the capital of each of the five republics of Central America. 2. Give capital of Montana territory. 3. In what year was Ohio admitted into the Union as a state?

1. Costa Rica, San Jose; Guatemala, New Guatemala; Honduras, Comayagua; Nicaragua, Managua; San Salvador, San Salvador. 2. Helena. 3. The act admitting Ohio as a state passed April 30, 1802, and took effect November 29, 1802.

Reader, Caraway, N. C.:

For what Presidential candidate did each state cast its electoral vote at each election from 1796 to 1880?

A table of this character is too cumbersome to be wrapped up in one. The only publication in which we have been able to find it complete is in "American Politics," by Thomas V. Cooper and Hector T. Fenton, of Pennsylvania. A great deal of valuable information on the points at student. Write to Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo, O.

Reader, Manchester, Ind.:

1. What was the edict of Nantes? 2. What kind of paper should contributions be written on?

1. An edict signed by Henry IV. in the castle at Nantes, April 13, 1598, which secured liberty of religion to the French Protestants until its revocation by Louis XV., October 22, 1685. 2. On good white paper, with pen. Some writers have an idea that editors and printers can read anything, and are careless when writing for the press. This is a mistake. The mistakes in their contributions—es ecially n names—they curse the printers. Nine times out of ten the fault is with the writer.

F., Plates, Pa.:

1. Is there any preparation that can be applied to wood to make it fit to be perfectly flat? Please give directions for imparting a fine finish to small articles made of hemlock.

1. Take equal quantities of gem-salt, rock-alum, white vinegar, chalk and pebble lime. Mix the ingredients; ebullition will ensue. After it has ceased, throw some wooden objects into this liquid, and let them soak four hours or five days, at the end of which time they will be transformed into petrifications. 2. With a piece of fine pumice-stone, and water, pass regularly over the work with the grain until the rising of the grain is removed. Then, when perfectly dry, boil linseed oil, polish the work to a bright face. This will be a very superior polish, but it requires considerable time.

D. O. L., Kansas:

1. Please tell us what is meant by International law? 2. Is any one of the political parties as a party any more opposed to executing criminals than any other party is? 3. A person invents something considered to be beneficial to the country, but is refused by the lawyers within the limits of the District of Columbia?

1. International law is that existing and regulating the mutual intercourse between different nations. It is distinguished as the rights among nations and the rights of nations. The natural law, or the rights of men and of nations, which forms the scientific basis of international law; for nations, like lesser communities and like individuals, have rights and correlative obligations. Several articles have been written on the sources of international law as jural and moral. The jural elements are, first, the rights of states or nations as such, deducible from its nature and its office as protector of those who live under its shield. Second, the right which the state or nation shares with individuals, and in part with artificial persons, as the rights of property, contract and reputation; and, third, the rights which the state has with regard, as those of self-protection and redress. To these have been joined by some the rights of punishment and conquest—the latter, at least, without good reason; for the conqueror has no claim based on right and conquest, irrespective of redress and self-protection. The moral elements are the duties of humanity, comity and intercourse. Nations are voluntary, first, in deciding the question, what intercourse they will hold with each other; second, they are voluntary in defining their rights and obligations, moral claims and duties, although these have an objective existence beyond the control of the will of nations; and, third, the whole international law has arisen by the free assent of those who enter into certain arrangements, obedience to its provisions is as truly in accordance with voluntary law as is obedience to any other contracts—as if natural law had been intuitively discerned as revealed from heaven and no consent has been necessary at the outset. It can not be affirmed that the United States has the strict right, to attempt forbearers into or to allow them transit across its territory, or even to hold its resource with them. All this may be in duty, and perhaps, when its territory affords the only convenient route for the transit of the troops or its commodities are necessary to others of mankind, transit and intercourse may be enforced. But, aside from these extreme cases, intercourse is only a matter of right when it is so regarded as is shown by the endless varieties of commercial treaties. 2. No. 3. He can give notice that a patent has been applied for. There is no room for abuse in such a proceed, if he call to it of general use, and does not infringe on some patent already obtained.

G., Hillsboro, Wis.:

1. Please tell me who are the descendants of the Gothic, Huns, Vandals, Lombards. 2. Give a short sketch of Wallachia.

1. The Goths, a Germanic race, disappeared from history in the eighth century, A. D. Their origin has not been ascertained. After the death of Attila, about 453, the dominion of the Huns fell to pieces, and the proper literatures are lost and was lowed up in fresh invasions of barbarians. Some writers claim that they were the ancestors of the Hungarians or Magyars. The Vandals made their stand in Africa, with Carthage as their capital, where they were conquered by Belisarius, the general of the Emperor Justinian, in 534. After this period they disappeared from history, and we suppose that descendants of them are still to be found among some of the Berber tribes. The descendants of the Lombards are now inhabitants of the valley of the Po, in Northern Italy. They are fine types of the Italian nation, blending the most attractive qualities common to all their countrymen with some of the characteristics peculiar to the Teutonic races. They are generally tall, their heads are small, and fine specimens of physical beauty abound among both sexes. They are well educated, and their country is better cultivated than any in Europe. The church religion is Roman Catholic, but the number of Protestants is ever-rising. There are 3,000 or 4,000 Jews among them. 2. Wallachia is one of the Danubian provinces, bounded on the north by Moldavia, on the south by the Danube, separating it from Bulgaria; east by the Danube; and west by the Kingdom of Croatia; and has an area of about 27,000 square miles. Up in the north and west Wallachia is hilly and mountainous. All the rest of the country consists of vast plains, occasional woods and large morasses; but, though the soil is probably the finest in Europe for the growth of grain, no attempt has been made to be put to agriculture, the morasses being left undrained, and no care taken to clean the land or make it productive. The Danube which for one degree is half the boundary of the province, with the Alt, Aluta, Dambovnitza and Sereth, are the chief rivers. The products are wheat, maize, beans and peas. The population is extremely mixed, the principal city being to the Greek church. Wallachia was originally a part of Dacia, and in the fifth century became a portion of the dominions conquered and possessed by the Huns. In the fifteenth century Mahomet II. subjugated the whole country and annexed it as a province to the Turkish Empire, and for the next two centuries it frequently became the battle ground between the Turk and Christian, more especially between the Porte and Russia. In 1830 it was placed under the protection of Russia, Turkey holding but a questionable authority over the principality, which is governed by a native prince or hospodar. Population 2,000,000.

M. E. (no postoffice); Mr. Vanderbilt's postoffice address is New York city.

M., Kissimmee, Fla.:

1. Whether has always borne the brunt of Democratic campaign attacks, but whe examination was made every cent should have been in its vaults was f there, and every dollar that it ever possession of was properly accounted except some million or so which mysteriously disappeared from the New Or mint during the time the Louisiana D crats had possession of it. In place of being "hordes of useless and idle cle there is found to be more than work en for all employed, and the force will pr bly have to be increased instead of d ished. Nowhere can the finger be put single rotten spot. The same is true the other departments. The only l scandal comes from the Navy depart and the Land commissioner's In the former the sca are fruit of a system operating, which we inherited with naval establishment from England, which is thought by some to be inespa from naval matters. At all events it a partisan matter, but one which rests the official staff of the Navy. The office scandals, whatever there may h them, are outside the office, and a rings of land-grabbers, who may or not have been dealt with with sulli sternness by the office. Whatever frau corruption exists in either this or the can most properly be laid at the do of Congress. The best that the Democrat hope for, is that they may be able to matters in as good shape, when they go in 1889 as they found them when they c in in 1885.

ONE GENUINE REFORM.

Whatever may be said of the head departments and sub-departments who h come in under the new administration general and particular, there is one whose course so far has reflected the gre credit upon the wisdom that selected and the still greater wisdom that perm him to conduct his office according t own ideas. This man is Gen. John Black, of Illinois, commissioner of pensi In many respects the commissioner of sions is the most important officer of President's staff. He disburses very m more money every year than any o officer, except the secretary of the tr ury, and what is still more to the purp he has a discretion about these distri ks that no other officer enjoys. are comparatively few dollars paid by other officers on their discretion. For instance, the retary of war has control of the bursement of about $40,000,000 a The laws rigidly prescribe where near every dollar of this shall go, and in m instances indicate the very names of persons to whom most of it shall be pa and the amounts they shall receive.

The commissioner of pension directs payment of an average of $55,000,000 year, and within certain lines he has widest discretion as to whom payme shall be made, and to whom arbitrarily withheld. Then think of his being the gra almoner of this great and rich nation, the man to whom 300,000 of the disab veterans of the war for the Union, thousand five years old, leaving seven children to the widows, orphans and dependent par look to for the slender stipends which the gaunt wolf from their humble doors.

This matter of pensions for those who were stricken and ensnared in bearing the hard and the burden of the great strife the nation's preservation lies very near the heart of our people. No one wants a dollar paid out to a man whose services do not fairly entitle him to it. No one wants even the slender pittance of $8 a month—which is the average pension—bestowed upon a man who can not show conclusively his right to it. The officers of the Pension Bureau and friends have never asked that a pension be granted on less evidence than that sufficient to collect a debt in a court of Common Pleas. But they have protested against a system which wrought a cruel denial of justice by the interposition of senseless delays and technical pettifogging that would likely to worry the claimant into the poor house or the grave. They have said that a man was entitled to a pension, he was also entitled to have that fact determined with business-like promptness, and the belief given him while it would do him any good; that dallying with cases from two to eighteen years—average required to secure a pension—was absurd and unbusiness-like. So far as I know, no one has deserved well of the nation, and will of relief were to be given him, should have it at once.

Previous commissioners have entered office with the best intentions of reforming this crying evil, but they succumbed to the iron bound system which they found existing. This is the first commissioner of all clericalism in Washington in dealing with the creditors of the government is to gravitate into a retirement

in the Florida war and resigned in 1836, to enter on the career of a civil engineer. Again entering the army in 1842 he distinguished himself in the Mexican war, serving on Taylor's staff, afterwards on that of Scott, and was engaged at Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, and at the siege of Vera Cruz. Commissioned brigadier-general of volunteers, August 31, 1861, he joined the army of the Potomac, and took part in the advance on Richmond. During the seven days' battle, Gen. Meade was severely wounded, but soon resumed active duties. He commanded a division in the Maryland campaign. At Antietam, when Gen. Hooker was wounded, Gen. Meade was placed in command and fought gallantly, being slightly wounded and having two horses killed under him. In June, 1863, he was suddenly called upon to succeed Gen. Hooker in command of the army of the Potomac of 100,000 men. On July 1-3, he fought the battle of Gettysburg, and was made brigadier-general. In the autumn he was engaged in several skirmishes in Virginia. He was second in command of the army operating against Richmond in 1864, and was engaged at the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court-house and Cold Harbor, and at the siege of Petersburg. His commission as major-general in the United States army was of August 18, 1864. In 1865 he received the thanks of Congress for his conduct at Gettysburg. At the time of his death he was in command of the 3d military district with headquarters at Philadelphia. Died November 6, 1872. Distinguished funeral honors were paid him by his fellow citizens, who gave his wife the house in which he died, and subscribed a fund of $100,000 for his family.

E. S. H., Erwin, Tenn.:

1. Will you please publish the poem "Flora McFlimsey, or Nothing to Wear?" 2. Can you give a key to the word "bulldose?" 3. What is the definition of ngwump? I have searched my dictionary for it and find "mug," but nowhere the "wump" tiacament.

1. It has been published in the BLADE. 2. This question has also been answered several times, but here it is again in full: Capt. Boycott was the agent of a land-owner in Ireland. His policy proved to be distasteful and offensive to the tenants, and such was their feeling in the matter that they asked the landlord to remove him. This the landed proprietor declined to do, and in return the tenants and their friends refused to work for or under Boycott. They would not harvest his crops, and they made an agreement among themselves, and in time of them to others should assist or work for him in the harvest. His crops were endang red, when relief arrived in the persons of certain Ulster men, who, under the protection of the troops, harvested the crops of Boycott. The defensive league of the tenantry was much more powerful and effective than might be guessed by the single instance of the organization referred to above. The ramifications of their compact were very numerous and extensive. For example, it was decided that if any one had any dealings with Boycott, or those who represented them, they were to have nothing to do with that person. If a man worked for Boycott he was to be looked on by his old neighbors and friends as a total stranger; no one was to sell to or buy of him; no one was to know him. The effect of this agreement, when carried to the extent hinted, was just what its authors proposed. And "boycotting" has become a very forcible phrase. There is some dispute about the origin of the word. Learned mugwumps in the East claim that it is an Indian word, meaning a leader or something of the kind. As used now, it means a man who claims to be a Republican but prefers for the time being to work and vote with the Democrats.

Sub., Rush, Ill.:

Please give the present population of the world by the different countries, as fully as you can.

This table has been published once, but for the information of new subscribers it is given again:

COUNTRIES.	Last Census.	Population.
Argentine Republic	1875	2,400,000
Austria-Hungary	1880	37,741,413
Belgium	1880	5,530,000
Bolivia	1878	2,080,000
Brazil	1872	10,108,591
Canada, Dominion of	1881	4,324,810
Ceylon	1881	2,758,156
Chili	1878	2,400,896
Chinese Empire	Est	434,62 60 0
Colombia, United States of	1870	2,951,323
Egypt	1878	17,419,904
Denmark	1880	2,066,430
Ecuador	1878	1,146,000
France	1881	37,405,280
Germany	1880	45,194,178
Great Britain and Ireland	1881	35,246,633
Greece	1879	1,979,423
India, British	1881	252,541,210
Italy	1881	28,452,639
Japan	1878	36,700,118
Mexico	1877	•9,389,461
Morocco	Est	6,370,000
Netherlands	1880	4,060,592
Norway	1878	1,806,900
Paraguay	1857	293,844
Persia	Est	7,000,000
Peru	1876	3,030,000
Portugal	1878	4,550,699
Russian Empire	1880	96,356,100
Roumania	Est	5,376,000
Servia	1880	1,700,211
Siam	Est	5,750,000
Spain	1878	16,625,800
Sweden	1881	4,565,668
Switzerland	1880	2,846,102
Turkey	Est	25,036,480
United States	1877	447,000
Uruguay	1880	50,155,783
Venezuela	1881	4,075,445

Reader, Nogo, Ind.:

When was the battle of Tippecanoe fought by Gen. Harrison and the Indians?

November 7, 1811.

S. A. D., Adams Creek, N. Y.:

Is there a premium on the United States silver half dollars of 1795?

They are quoted at 75 cents.

J. S. H., Manhattan, Kan.:

Which state or territory has the least per cent. of illiteracy?

Of persons of 10 years of age and upwards unable to read, Iowa. Same age, unable to write, Wyoming.

Reader, Sharon, Pa.:

Please tell me why Fred Grant is called colonel.

He is a graduate of West Point. In 1871 he was appointed aide-de-camp to the lieutenant general, with the rank of lieutenant colonel.

Reader, Almena, Kan:

Has Jay Gould a brother or half brother by the name of Abram, and if so, what is his business and address?

Do not know anything about Mr. Gould's family. Why not write to Jay Gould, New York city?

D., Kansas:

1. Some people say it would not do for a state or a nation to be out of debt. If this is true, why would it not do? 2. Is there any danger of our national banking system being either exchanged for something as a substitute or being altogether annihilated? 3. Will you publish the poem, "Tippecanoe and Tyler too?"

1. It is not true, so there is no use in discussing it. 2. Yes; one of the oldest banks in New York is to be reorganized under the state law. 3. Cannot find it.

Sub., Mercer, Pa.:

1. How long are you required to stay on a claim in Kansas before you can get a title? 2. If you take up a claim and stay on it one or two years and then are compelled to leave it, how long can you stay away without losing your claim to it? 3. Can you send another to take your place?

1. Five years; the law is the same everywhere. 2. Not more than six months. 3. Some member of the family can hold the land, if it is shown that it is done in good faith, and the claim has not been abandoned.

D. D., Knightstown, Ind.:

I want to know all about the carp fish, the age when they will spawn, etc. Giv a general description.

The carp prefers quiet waters, with soft or muddy bottoms. They spawn in May or June, according to locality. It deposits its spawn on weeds, and, under favorable circumstances, the increase is prodigious, more than 700,000 eggs having been found in the ovaries of a single carp of moderate size. In this country their size varies from one half to two and one-half feet, and their weight from one to fifteen pounds; but one of 50 pounds weight and nearly nine feet long was taken near Frankfort-on-the-Oder, and 30 or 40 pounds is not an unusual size in some of the German lakes. They can be transported long distances, as they can subsist for a considerable time out of water, if only kept moist. It is said that a carp will live 200 years. It feeds chiefly on aquatic plants, and may be fattened on lettuces and similar soft vegetables in artificial ponds. The carp does not afford much amusement to the angler, and is difficult to take in nets.

Reader, Saltillo ville, Ind.:

1. Please give name and postoffice address of the Congressman of the Third Congressional district of Indiana. 2. Please give as an exended a sketch of the life of Henry Clay as space will allow.

1. Jonas G. Howard, Jeffersonville. 2. It is impossible to give anything like a satisfactory sketch of the life of this distinguished man in the small space allotted to single articles in this department. He was born in Hanover county, Va., April 12, 1777. He was a poor Baptist clergyman, who died when Henry was about five years old, leaving seven children to the care of a most excellent mother, who married again ten years afterwards and removed to Kentucky. Henry obtained employment in Richmond, studied law, and emigrated to Lexington, Ky., in 1796, where he opened an office, and rapidly acquired a lucrative practice. He soon drifted into politics, embarking under the banner of Thomas Jefferson, in opposition to the alien and sedition acts of John Adams's administration. He was elected to the legislature in 1803, and after serving two years, he was chosen to fill a short vacancy in the United States Senate, serving but a single term. He again served two years in the legislature, and was again chosen to fill a vacancy in the United States in 1809, serving through two sessions. In 1811 he was elected a member of the House, and was soon chosen Speaker. In 1814 he resigned to serve as one of the commissioners to negotiate a treaty of peace at Ghent. During his absence he was unanimously re-elected, and when Congress assembled he was re-chosen Speaker by a nearly unanimous vote. With the exception of a brief interval he served as Speaker until 1828. He was several times a candidate for President, and in 1824 received 37 electoral votes. Six more votes would have carried him into the House—where the contest was considered and where he would have undoubtedly been elected. He was returned to the Senate in 1831, and was re-elected in 1848. He took strong ground in favor of a protective tariff, and in effecting a compromise on the slavery question. He opposed the Mexican war, but his favorite son, a lieutenant colonel, was killed at the battle of Buena Vista. Henry Clay died in Washington, June 29, 1852. The following extract from Greeley's Almanac of 1853: Congress was just meeting as the news of his decease spread over Washington. The fact was simply announced on either floor, and an adjournment hereafter moved and carried. The next day was devoted to eulogies and appointments for the funeral. The ashes of the great commoner were committed to the charge of a strong committee of members of each House, and so conveyed through Baltimore, Philadelphia, Trenton, New York, Albany, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, etc., etc., to Lexington, and there deposited in the tomb at Ashland which Mr. Clay had previously provided. There them rested forever, and thither the reverent steps be turned from every quarter of our Union to gaze on the earth enfolding the dust which once ensnirned the wise legislator, the fearless orator, the fervent patriot and the unrelenting champion of justice, truth and humanity.

J. G. S., Dayton, O.:

1. Please give a sketch of the life and explorations of Charles Francis Hall, the Arctic explorer. 2. Who wrote "Marching Through Georgia?"

1. He was born at Rochester, N. H., in 1821; learned the blacksmith trade, but finally became a journalist in Cincinnati. In 1859 he went to New York, and at a meeting of the geographical society offered to "go in search of the bones of Franklin." Funds amounting to 1,200 were raised for this purpose, and in May, 1860, he set out from New London on board a whaling vessel, commanded by Capt. Buddington. The Hall made his way to Cumberland Inlet, and in 1861 made his way to Frobisher Bay. Here he built himself a house among the Esquimaux, remaining with them for two years, acquiring their language and adopting their habits, but learned nothing of the fate of Franklin's men. He made his way back to the United States in Se tember, 1862, accompanied by an Esquimaux named Ebierbing and his wife, and devoted the next two years to the preparation of his book. He set out on his second expedition July 30, 1864, and in the following year he kept a full journal, with the intention of preparing it for the press after he had made one more voyage of discovery. It was never done, and of this expedition only two fragmentary accounts have appeared. Congress having made a requisite appropriation, the Polaris sailed from New York June 29, 1871, and on August 30 reached Tessuisa, at the mouth of Smith's Sound in Greenland. On the 30th she reached latitude 82° 16' north. The channel was blocked up by ice, and the Polaris, by the advice of Capt. Buddington, but contrary to the judgment of Hall, turned back and was laid up for the winter in a sheltered cove, to which the name of Polaris Bay was given. On October 10 Hall with three others started on a sledge expedition, which went within a few miles as far north as the latter had gone. The party returned on the 24th, and was immediately seized by an illness from which he partially recovered; but a relapse took place and he died in a few days, probably from an apoplexy. There are some suspicions that he had been poisoned, but these do not appear to have been well founded. The command now devolved upon Capt Buddington. The Polaris lay in winter quarters until August, 1872, meantime suffering considerable injury from floating ice. It was then determined to return, and for weeks they tried to work their way through the ice pack. On October 15 the Polaris was in latitude 78° 50', and preparations were made to abandon her. The boats were put on the ice, with many stores and nineteen of the crew; but before the rest could be landed the vessel broke away and drifted away, leaving these nineteen on the ice, under charge of Capt. Tyson. They drifted back and forth for 196 days, but generally southward, and were only saved from starvation by the skill of Ebierbing as a seal hunter. The party was picked up April 30, 1873, by the Tigress, a Nova Scotian whaling steamer, in latitude 58° 37' north, having drifted helplessly nearly 2,400 miles. The Polaris meanwhile, entirely disabled, found a refuge near Littleton's Island, and those who remained built a hut on the shore, where they passed the winter. In the spring they built two boats from the boards of the vessel, in which, early in June, 1873, they set sail southward. The bulk of the Polaris was given to a band of Esquimaux; but she afterward drifted away and went down in deep water. This party was picked up June 23 by a Scottish whaler and conveyed to Dundee, where they arrived September 18, whence they returned to the United States. 2. Henry C. Work, of Louisville.

JAMES BIRD.

D B F., (no state), writes as follows concerning James Bird's execution: I remember something about that occurrence that may be interesting to many readers of the BLADE. At the time of the war of 1812 I was small. My father kept the toll bridge (Kenedy's Bridge) across French creek in Meadville, Crawford county, Pa. James Bird's home was (I think) in Slipery Rock, Mercer county, Pa. The Kingston volunteers, and all of the troops that went from Mercer county, passed through Kenedy's Bridge on their way to Erie. They encamped near the farm of Gen. Meade, north of the town, a few days, then marched to Erie. There was a call for volunteers on the brig Niagara, in command of Commodore Perry. Here James Bird enlisted and went on board with Perry. They met the foe, they fought the battle, they gained the victory; but Bird was wounded. Perry said to him he had fought brave and well, he did not leave until the stars and stripes arose. When they returned to Erie and peace was declared, Bird concluded that he had nothing more to do in Erie, and started for home, went home, was honorably locally discharged. He was pursued and captured at Slipery Rock Bridge, near his home, and taken back to Erie, tried, and shot. It was said at the time he was shot that his reprieve came in sight, but I cannot vouch for that; but I believe it all the same. I was personally acquainted with one of the number chosen to discharge that sad, mournful duty. Bound, being the task Bird's hand to bid him farewell, he (Bird) said: "Take good aim; I don't want to be mangled and left alive." I am now 78 years old. I was in Erie in June, 1830, visiting friends, and while there I went with two of my cousins down to the lake fishing on the pier. When we started for home one of them asked me if I would like to see the grave of James Bird. I said, yes. We went a short distance down the lake shore to his grave on the beach, where he was buried in the sand. Only two rough stakes mark his resting place. Ought there not to be a monument over his grave? They told me that his coffin was not buried more than 3½ feet deep. We turned away in sadness and went home.

Happiness

results from that true contentment which indicates perfect health of body and mind. You may possess it, if you will purify and invigorate your blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. E. M. Howard, Newport, N. H., writes: "I suffered for years with Scrofulous humors. After using two bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, I

Found

great relief. It has entirely restored me to health." James French, Atchison, Kans., writes: "To all persons suffering from Liver Complaint, I would strongly recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was afflicted with a disease of the liver for nearly two years, when a friend advised me to take this medicine. It gave prompt relief, and has cured me." Mrs. H. M. Kidder, 41 Dwight st., Boston, Mass., writes: "For several years I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family. I never feel safe, even

At Home

without it. As a liver medicine and general purifier of the blood, it has no equal." Mrs. A. B. Allen, Winterpock, Va., writes: "My youngest child, two years of age, was taken with Bowel Complaint, which we could not cure. We tried many remedies, but he continued to grow worse, and finally became so reduced in flesh that we could only move him upon a pillow. It was suggested by one of the doctors that Scrofula might be the cause of the trouble. We procured a bottle of

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

and commenced giving it to him. It surely worked wonders, for, in a short time, he was completely cured."

Sold by all Druggists.

Price $1; Six bottles, $5.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

SCIENTIFIC SURGERY.

Removing a Tumor Under a Knee Joint—Dr. Agnew's Skill Again Exhibited.

One of the longest and most remarkable surgical operations ever attempted in this country has just been successfully performed at the University hospital, Philadelphia. The treatment was for an aneurism of the popliteal artery. Benjamin Weinstock, a shopkeeper, had for months suffered from what he took to be a tumor under the left knee joint. The excrescence continually grew until it became as large as one's fist and very painful. The pulsations of the vital fluid could be plainly distinguished by placing the hand upon the bunch. Finding no relief in the usual remedies, the patient consulted Dr. D. Hayes Agnew, the celebrated surgeon called in the Garfield case, and by him was advised that he was afflicted with an aneurism, which if not immediately removed, would probably be to produce sudden death through bursting. An aneurism of the popliteal artery is a dilation of the large artery that lies directly under the bend of the knee. The dilation of the artery goes on, the tumor-like bunch growing until it is no longer able to withstand the pressure of the blood pumped from the heart, and a hemorrhage results fatally, unless a physician is at hand to apply a tourniquet. The patient was placed under the influence of morphine on Friday last, and at 10:30 a. m. the operation was begun. Dr. Agnew had invited a number of students to be present at and assist him. The limb was strapped to prevent motion, and the students were instructed to take turns at compressing the femoral artery with both thumbs just below the groin. Thus the supply of blood was shut off from the main artery, and by degrees a lateral circulation set up in the smaller branch arteries. Relieved of the pressure of blood, the blood in the sack stagnated, and at the end of 49½ hours, or at 12 o'clock on Sunday, had formed a fibrous clot, entirely closing the passage and shutting off circulation by the regular channel. The pressure was then discontinued, and the limb bandaged and secured at an elevation as a precaution. During the period embraced by the compression fifteen medical students took turns at the work holding the artery from fifteen minutes to an hour and a quarter each. Throughout this time the patient was kept under the influence of the opiate, for the operation is extremely painful, in fact unbearable, the constant pressure on the large artery producing excruciating agony when benign influences of the opiate are not employed. Weinstock is doing well, and will be discharged cured in a few days. In time the bunch which now feels like a fibrous mass will be almost wholly absorbed, and will disappear. Dr. Agnew was assisted by Dr. J. W. White and Resident Surgeon W. D. Hamaker, and the hospital physicians noted the phases of the case.

Georgia Brutality.

From Lincoln county are received details of a most horrible crime. A well-to-do farmer named Canaday had a colored man employed under the name of Dill, a man run away, but subsequently returned. Canaday is a cousin to Joseph Dill, a planter, who is said to be worth $10,000. Dill had two sons, Peter and David. These young men decided to punish the runaway boy. They induced him to meet them on the river bank opposite their father's house. They then seized the man, stripped him to the skin, and with a couple of buggy traces laid welt upon welt across his back. The cries of the victim had no effect upon the heartless assailants, and it was only when called off by the old man Dill, that the young men desisted from their cruel and brutal work, having inflicted 500 lashes. The negro died a short time afterward, and the jury of inquest pronounced his death murder. It was fully expected that when the grand jury met some action would be taken, but the foreman of the jury, named Ramsey, was a relative of the Dills and Canaday families, and he succeeded in getting the young men to-day to go free.

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Better Times.

Shaenberger's iron and steel works, Pittsburg, will start up full in every department except the nail factory next Monday, giving employment to 2,000 men. During the past week a number of heavy orders have been placed with Shaenberger & Co., and it is said the mill will run steadily for several months. It is generally believed that this marks the advent of better times in the iron trade.

We Want 5,000 More Book Agents to Sell THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF U. S. GRANT.

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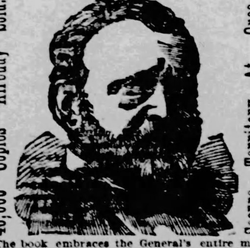

The book embraces the General's entire military, civil service and private career, and is the most complete and reliable history of him extant. A large handsome octavo volume, superbly illustrated. Will be sent to one person in a county. Post and in every township. Send for full particulars and SPECIAL TERMS TO AGENTS, or secure agency at once by sending 6c for outfit. [Mention this paper.] Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Boston, Cincinnati, or St. Louis.

EASY CHILDBIRTH!

I most earnestly entreat every female expecting to be confined to use Mothers' Friend. Coupled with this entreaty I will add that during a long obstetrical practice (44 years) I have never known it to fail to produce a safe, quick delivery. H. J. HOLMES, M. D., Atlanta, Ga. Treatise on "Woman" mailed free. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta.

USE "MOTHERS' FRIEND"

Sam Jones on Barrooms.

Sam Jones wound up the camp-meeting at Plattsburg, Mo., Saturday. Fully 20,000 people were on the grounds. In the course of his sermon the preacher said:

"I see a St. Louis paper takes issue with me on the proposition that 60,000 drunkards in America stagger into a drunkard's grave every year. I refer the editor of that paper to the 1,200 barrooms in St. Louis. My God! just take a view of that city. It looks like St. Louis would send 60,000 drunkards whirling into hell and let the balance of the country free. And wherever you see a barroom, that stands for ten men that have crossed the line. Do you hear that? Whenever you see a barroom lifting its sign and setting out its bottles, that means ten men, we claim, that will never recross the line—that will fill drunkards' graves as certain as God made the world. I tell you no barroom can flourish without at least ten men who have lost all hope of recovery and spent their best hours and their best means in buying the drink they will furnish. My God, go to Chicago, with her 3,000 barrooms, and then wonder that 60,000 people every year fall into drunkards' graves. Look over here to Kansas City, at the barrooms sprinkled over the streets of that town, and then wonder that 60,000 people of America stagger into drunkards' graves in a year. Brothers, directly and indirectly, I have not nearly come to the mark. But I tell you, whether there are 60,000 or just 1,000, let us never furnish another poor fool for hell. What do you say?"

A Barbed Wire Pool, With a Capital of $2,000,000.

The committee appointed by the barbed wire manufacturers, at their meeting on Tuesday, to arrange the details of a proposed pool, has submitted its report. It recommends the organization of a National Barbed Wire Fence company, with a capital stock of $2,000,000, shares of $100 each, the organization to be accomplished under a charter issued to a similar committee of manufacturers on December 27, 1883. The proposed company will lease the works of the several members, and its officers and directors will have complete charge of the output, as well as prices, the members being stockholders. The committee reported that it would be necessary to draft an agreement to be signed by the manufacturers before perfecting the proposed organization. To enable the committee to draft the instrument, the meeting adjourned for a week. It is expected that all the manufacturers of barbed wire in the United States will sign the agreement. A majority of them attended the meeting and signified a willingness to enter into the proposed pool. The new company will probably be in operation by September 1. The officers of the old company, who will hold over until their successors are elected, are as follows: President, C. S. Burt; vice-president, E. M. Crandall; treasurer, Lyman J. Gage; secretary, K. J. Marsh.

The Result of Fortune-Telling.

Six miles from Manheim, Pa., is encamped a party of Gypsies. Like all of their class, they make a living by fortune-telling, horse-trading and stealing. One of the women entered the residence of Jerd Umpton and expressed a desire to tell the fortunes of the inmates. The lady of the household consented and repaired to another room for that purpose. The old hag told Mrs. Umpton a terrible tale about her husband; that he was in the habit of calling on a young lady in the neighborhood and that she should keep watch on him. Mr. Umpton was also prevailed upon to peep into the mysteries of the future. He, like his wife, was told a similar story. After the Gypsy woman left the house a quarrel followed between Mr. and Mrs. Umpton, both accusing one another of infidelity, which ended in the former plunging a knife in the latter's side. The affair has created considerable excitement, and the Gypsies have been notified to leave the country.

A Jail Burned, and Five Prisoners Cremated.

The county jail at Baker City, Oregon, was burned Wednesday morning, and five prisoners were cremated alive. A sixth was severely scorched. One of the prisoners complained of feeling sick, and the jailor stepped across the street to a drug store to get medicine; a moment later the alarm of fire was given. The building was of wood, and the fire spread very rapidly. The doors were broken open, but the flames and smoke drove the crowd repeatedly back. With great difficulty Fred Winkleman, the half-witted murderer of Allen Rivers, was dragged from his cell insensible and badly burned. The five others in the jail were abandoned to their fate. The names of the victims are Louis Miller, George Plumb, Samuel Brown, William Lamb, John Cooley, the confessed murderer of James Lavery. Every appearance indicates that the jail was set on fire by Winkleman, doubtless to make his escape during the excitement.

A Rough Lot.

The steamship State of Georgia landed a party of 26 Russian Jews at Castle Garden, and such another lot of filthy, ragged human beings have never been seen there. The entire party had less than $5 and very little baggage. None of them had any special destination, and were so densely ignorant as to be unable to answer even the simplest questions. They were shipped on the Georgia at Glasgow, and will be returned to that port when the Georgia leaves. The Castle Garden officials stowed them away in one corner and interpreters spoke to them at long range, because of their dirty condition.

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THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., PUBLISHERS. | D. R. LOCKE, EDITOR.

THURSDAY, AUG. 6.

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By reference to the figures given above, it will be seen that, in spite of dull times, the enormous circulation of the BLADE is not only keeping up, but increasing. No better testimony could be found to the estimation in which the paper is held by the people. It is a paper especially adapted for the family, and it is appreciated by every member, from the head of the household to the children. Going into 118,000 homes, it has a constituency unrivalled by any other weekly news paper, and furnishes the best advertising medium in the country. Write for rates, and make a trial.

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Many people who are not regular subscribers, will receive a specimen number of this week's issue of the BLADE. We ask them to examine it carefully, and if they like it, to enroll themselves on our books. We claim for the BLADE that it is the best weekly paper published in the United States, or the world, and the cheapest. It publishes more matter, it is more carefully edited, and is altogether the best for the family. Its enormous circulation in every state of the Union, is the best evidence of its value. We ask every person receiving a specimen copy, and every person not already a subscriber who may read this paragraph, to remit us for a three months trial. The cost is but a trifle, and we guarantee you more for your money than you ever received before.

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THE WEST SHORE ROAD.

The recent absorption of the West Shore road by the New York Central will have the ultimate effect of strengthening the feeling of the people that the whole matter of railway transportation must be regulated far more closely than at present by state and national supervision. The West Shore was built as a parallel and competing line to the New York Central. The building of a new line with the predetermined purpose of breaking down one already in existence, or for the purpose of compelling a purchase by the older road, where there is no public need of the new line, and no prospect of adequate business, is a thing to be discountenanced; for railways certainly have rights which the public and the state are bound to protect. But though they have certain rights, these do not go far enough to make a monopoly of the carrying trade a necessity, nor do they make competition, by the building of new lines, an improper thing.

Though much odium has been heaped upon the West Shore by those interested in the New York Central, and though improper motives have been charged on its projectors, it is probable that the people in general regard it as a perfectly legitimate enterprise, warranted by the needs of the enormous traffic between the metropolis of the country and the West, and as a most desirable thing because it destroyed the practical monopoly of the New York Central. The reasons for its failure to pay as an investment are rather to be found in the depressed business condition prevailing ever since its opening, and the uncompromising war of rates carried on against it by the Central, than in anything else. Had the period since its completion been as brisk as for the several years preceding, it would undoubtedly have demonstrated that it was filling a legitimate place in the railway system of the country; and its promoters could easily have cleared their skirts of the imputation that they had no moral right to build a road "to injure the business of an already established corporation," as one of their detractors puts it.

Rightly or wrongly, the public impression is that the New York Central has for some time ben an oppressive monopoly, in that, by an illiberal policy, it has failed to do all that was within its power to develop the best interests of the city of New York and of the state from which it received its charter. To people holding this view its absorption of the West Shore is regarded in the light of a public calamity, because this event has only strengthened the monopoly, and has given it the power to compel the payment of increased rates in both passenger and freight traffic, and has rendered the construction of another competing line an improbable thing for years to come. But it will end in good to the country, if it quickens the people to demand of their legislative servants, both state and national, that the matter of railway transportation shall be brought under definite and energetic control. The lesson of the West Shore experiment, and of its predecessor, the Nickel Plate, is clearly that the building of competing lines can not be relied upon to protect the public from the evils of railway monopoly, and that they must look to state supervision and federal regulation of inter-state commerce for relief.

SENS. MORRILL, SHERMAN, LOGAN, RANSOM, INGALLS, COCKRELL, HAMPTON, BROWN and MANDERSON will represent the United States Senate at the funeral of Gen. GRANT.

GEN. GRANT'S body, in the coffin, is attired in a plain suit of broadcloth.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE midsummer dullness is upon us in all lines of trade, and the intensely hot weather of the closing days of last week rather encouraged it. The growing crops are progressing finely. The hot wave caused the corn to shoot forward, the grass is in good condition, and cotton was never better. Spring wheat advices in the Northwest have been less satisfactory, smut and blight having appeared, especially in Minnesota and Dakota, as a result of the extreme heat. Estimates are beginning to appear that the yield of merchantable spring wheat is reduced by 15 to 25 per cent., or say by 22,500,000 bushels to 35,000,000 bushels.

THE number of business failures last week was 184, a substantial decrease when compared with the previous week, which footed up 215. For the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883 and 1882, the totals were respectively 199, 155 and 105. About 86 per cent. were those of small traders with a capital of less than $5,000.

WOULD it not have been possible for Pres. CLEVELAND to appoint two generals to represent the ex-Confederate army at Gen. GRANT's funeral who are not yet rebels at heart, as are JOHNSTON and BUCKNER? The dead hero had just as little sympathy with rebellion up to the day he died as when he led his army to put it down. These two men would be quite as rampant in treason to-day, if circumstances permitted, as when they fought under the stars and bars, while there are those who no longer cling to the "lost cause," but are faithful to the Union to which they have given their adherence. JOHNSTON and BUCKNER will be as much out of place there as JEFF DAVIS himself. Their presence will not be a pleasant sight to the old soldiers who will throng to the funeral.

THE Postmaster-General has issued an order directing all postoffices to be closed between the hours of 1 and 5 p. m. on the day of Gen. GRANT's funeral—August 8.

SEC. WHITNEY is so zealous a reformer that he never allows legal obstacles to stand in his way. He announces that he has a corps of book-keepers investigating the book keeping of the Navy department, at a cost of some $17,500 a year. It seems to be of no consequence to him that an act of Congress was passed in 1882 which prohibits the employment of any clerk or officer for any other purpose than that for which an appropriation is specifically made.

THE cholera is following its regular course, or that which it has taken in the past. Last week it had crossed into France, and it is now raging along the slopes of the Pyrenees and is prevailing at Marseilles. If it should get to the United States this year, it will probably be by way of Cuba, as no precautions have been taken there to guard against it. Our Southern coast will be most in danger.

To keep the troops in Saragossa, Spain, from having the cholera, which is in the city in epidemic form, guitars have been purchased and the soldiers set to playing That is to keep up their spirits, probably.

ELEVEN hundred applications have been received from Americans in Europe for seats in Westminster Abbey at the Grant memorial services next Saturday.

THE committee, composed of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of England; the Bishop of London; Cardinal MANNING, and Messrs. MORLEY and REID, appointed to inquire as to the truth of the statements by the *Pall Mall Gazette* as to the terrible vices of London, have reported that they find the statements substantially true.

THE SALISBURY ministry promises that, if it is in office at the next session of Parliament, a scheme will be submitted for securing greater equality between the Catholics and Protestants of Ireland in the educational estimates.

THERE seems to be one decided difference of opinion among the members of the present British government, and that is, regarding the Irish question. The majority, including Lord SALISBURY, do not wish to touch it at present, while Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is certain that it should be grappled with and settled immediately. He feels what is true, that the existence of the Conservative Ministry depends upon the Irish vote, while other leading Conservatives do not. This may cause a split in the party.

THE French Chamber of Deputies a day or two ago voted an appropriation to carry on the war at Madagascar. France has never made much of a success with her colonial enterprises, and M. CLEMENCEAU was right when he denounced the appropriation and declared that it would be much better to strengthen the Republic at home than to spend so much in efforts that bring no returns.

DURING the past week the most important debate of the present French Chamber of Deputies occurred. The subject was the bill authorizing a credit of 12,000,000 francs for the expenses in Madagascar. The prominent speakers were M. FERRY who endeavored to win back his lost *prestige* by a speech in favor of the credit, and M. CLEMENCEAU who spoke on the opposite side of the question. The credit was voted by a majority of 150.

THE *Sviet*, the Russian military organ, says that the Afghan force on the Russo-Afghan frontier is 20,000 men, and that the Russian force consists of 30 companies stationed between Penjdeh and Zulficar Pass.

IT now comes from reliable sources that after the fall of Pendjeh the Czar of Russia and his council of ministers were resolved upon war, but an officer of the Central Asian army reported that a further advance of the troops would be perilous, as a desert lay in front, and the climate at that season of the year would be fatal. This moderated their enthusiasm and made the government more conciliatory in their negotiations.

A REVOLUTIONARY movement has been started in Venezuela, and is so increasing in power that the insurgents are sanguine of ultimate success.

CHINA has appointed a new minister to the United States, named THENG. He is sent over to succeed the present minister, who is lying paralyzed on one side at the legation, and anxious to go home. But by the Chinese tradition he cannot leave until he transfers the seal of the embassy to his successor in person, and that will not be until next winter.

PROHIBITION IN GEORGIA.

Whatever may be said as to the action of Georgia in other matters, she certainly has shown most remarkable good sense in dealing with the whiskey question. Georgia is practically a prohibition state. There are 138 counties in the state, in 104 of which liquor cannot be bought at all, 17 are partially prohibitory, giving temperance control in 121 of the 138 counties.

The remaining counties are rapidly wheeling into line and it is confidently expected that within another year all, except the five containing the large cities, will be free from the curse.

Prohibition in Georgia was the outgrowth of a necessity. Whisky was ruining the state. It was demoralizing labor, it was filling the poor-houses and jails and was imposing upon the taxpayers burdens they could not endure It was in Georgia as it is everywhere. There were murders daily, assaults and riots without number, and theft was common. The lower classes would steal anything to procure whisky, and the whisky sellers on the Cross roads would exchange whisky for any property, even though they knew it to be stolen. The evil had passed the bounds of a nuisance, and had become a growing curse that threatened the destruction of the material interests of the greatest of the Southern states. Georgia was doomed unless whisky could be driven out of it. The citizens determined to drive it out, and have done it.

How has the glorious result been achieved? The temperance men and women of Georgia wanted Prohibition, and they went about it in a sensible, business-like way. They did not crowd Prohibition, at the beginning, except where enforcement was possible. They asked the legislature for a law permitting counties to vote upon Prohibition by counties, not asking it for the whole state. They knew that the counties favoring Prohibition would be swamped by the opposition of the great cities, which would kill the movement everywhere. In short, they preferred to have the movement firmly rooted, to procure Prohibition where it was possible, and, demonstrating its value by actual test, let it grow by its own strength. The good effects were so apparent in the first county that adopted it, that others made haste to follow, and one by one they wheeled into line, until now they are ready to make it general. The Prohibition sentiment is strong enough now in the country to control the cities, and probably another year will see it in force as a state law.

The counties that were fitted for it inaugurated the movement and their success encouraged others. True at the beginning it was the half-loaf, but they got the half-loaf. Every county that rid itself of the Rum curse encouraged another, and so the good work spread until it has covered almost the entire state. Had they claimed the whole at the beginning they would have got nothing. The people had to be educated up to Prohibition, and the first county that adopted it was the educating force.

Prohibition in Georgia has been kept out of politics, and has stood alone as a great humanitarian movement that knew no party lines. If the supporters of Prohibition had insisted that either party should make it a party measure, it would have failed entirely. By keeping it out of politics the better class of Democrats and Republicans worked together, shoulder to shoulder, to procure the passage of the law permitting counties to vote upon the question, Democrats and Republicans worked together to carry it in the counties where it was submitted, both holding to their party organizations on all other questions. It was made no more a party question in Georgia than the building of county roads, county buildings, or subscriptions to railroads. Democrats and Republicans voted for it and against it, but the better class, acting together, were in the majority, and it was happily carried in a large majority of counties and will be, in time, in all.

It is a pity that the good sense that Georgia has exhibited cannot be shown in the other states. It is not and cannot be made a party question, for the simple reason that there are other questions upon which men divide that are, to a vast majority of the people, of as much or even more importance. Men whose business interests are affected by the tariff or currency questions, are not going to jeopardize them by withdrawing, in the interest of Prohibition, from the party that represents their views. The Democrat who favors Prohibition will vote for Prohibition when it does not affect the integrity of his party, but not when it does. The distinctive Prohibition party in Ohio has never secured a corporal's guard of votes, but when the question was submitted outside of party lines it actually carried the state. ST. JOHN received in Prohibition Georgia less than a vote to a county. Prohibition in Georgia has been achieved by keeping the question outside of party lines and by bringing to its support the good men of all parties.

When the leaders in this great movement in the other states will act with the good sense of the people of Georgia, prohibition will be a success in all of them. Action by the people outside of party lines will elect legislatures and will submit the necessary amendments, non-partisan action will carry the amendments, and non-partisan action will secure the enforcement. Nothing else under Heaven will accomplish anything. Georgia has taught her sister states how to *Pulverize the Rum Power.*

ON Wednesday afternoon, during a severe thunder-storm, lightning struck and shivered an immense oak that stood a few yards from the spot in Riverside Park selected for the grave of Gen. GRANT. Last night, during a thunder-storm at Mt. McGregor, the GRANT cottage was also struck by the electric fluid, and the electric light over the casket containing the Old Commander's body was extinguished.

JUDGE THATCHER, a member of the commission which visited Mexico and South America with a view to promote our trade with our sister republics, reports that everywhere, with the exception of Chili, both the authorities and the people were desirous of strengthening the relations between them and the United States.

SPRING wheat is said to be a failure in Russia, and the yield of winter wheat below the average. This will be hopeful news to American farmers.

HON. JOHN SHERMAN is said to be arranging to hold a reunion of the SHERMAN family at Mansfield, the first week in September.

GRANT AS A GENERAL.

The discussion of GRANT's place as a military leader is obscured by a constant attempt to compare his achievements and campaigns with those of the great generals of the past. Such comparisons are not possible, because the conditions are not the same. GRANT's leading characteristics as a commander may be set forth very briefly. He believed always in acting on the offensive, and it was a maxim with him that the attacking party always had the advantage. Hence he always endeavored, when placed on the defensive, to turn the tables and at tack the assaulting force. Shiloh is a case in point; the second day the Union forces began the fight, and the tide of battle turned from that moment. He was a skillful strategist, in the larger sense of the term—the mapping out of a campaign in broad outlines. He looked ahead to a definite result, and marked the shortest road whereby it might be reached; but he left the minor details of the struggle, or series of struggles, to be developed by the turn of events, or the necessities of the hour as they might arise. For "strategy," in the narrow sense in which it was used by MCCLELLAN and other generals of less breadth than himself, he had a contempt. He never assumed that his opponent was a fool, nor spent his time in laying minute plans, depending for their success on that assumption proving true. If his first move at any stage of a campaign proved a failure, he was ready with a second, or a third. The final success—for *final* success was the unvarying end of every campaign—was the result often of movements impossible to have been laid down beforehand, because the expedients to which his opponents resorted could not be known. It has been well said that his victories were the outcome of a series of tentative efforts, guided by cool, deliberate judgment and by a full faith in ultimate success, and marked by an obstinacy in attack, a persistency in hurling his forces upon his foe, never seen in any other commander. He never prepared beforehand for a retreat; time enough for that when the battle was lost. And his persistent obstinacy was so great that he never admitted to himself that it *was* lost. He never delayed longer than absolutely necessary to get his own forces in fighting trim. He counted on his enemy making just as good use of the time as he had done, and struck as soon as it was possible to do so.

These qualities all showed themselves from the first. He began by moving from Cairo and capturing Paducah without waiting on a dilatory superior for orders; and from that day his tireless push, his unparalled tenacity of purpose, his marvellously correct judgment as to the proper thing to be done and the best and quickest means of doing it, marked his career. The campaign of Forts Henry and Donelson followed, ending with the capture of Nashville and the forcing of JOHNSTON to evacuate Bowling Green. Then came Shiloh, and the Vicksburg campaign, with the opening of the Mississippi; and his career in the West closed with the splendid triumph of Mission Ridge. He was placed in command of all the armies of the Union, and went to the East to command in person the campaign against Richmond.

This was the crucial test. Many a general has won deserved fame as a brigade or division commander, or even in directing a single campaign, who did not possess the ability to handle enormous armies whose lines extended over hundreds of miles, and have each portion of this widely-divided force do its whole duty at the time and place expected. GRANT was tried in a position that has no parallel in civilized warfare, and was not found wanting. Success crowned him at Appomattox as the greatest general that modern warfare had ever known; and the events of that memorable surrender stamped GRANT as great in generosity as he was conceded to be in arms. And the word he plighted to LEE on that historic field he stood by firmly, even when ANDREW JOHNSON, by the grace of BOOTH's bullet President of the United States, attempted to violate that pledge and bring LEE and the other rebel generals to trial for treason.

It may be that the events of that stupendous struggle are yet too recent for us to judge, as accurately as will posterity, the merits of its great military leaders. But there is one thing certain—that GRANT was the greatest of them all. And it is equally certain that no such war had ever before been seen—a war involving the handling of such large bodies of men, extending over so great a territory, and attended with so great a percentage of loss in actual combat, thus attesting the fierceness of the struggle and the bravery of the men composing the two opposing forces. And if GRANT be admitted the greatest general of this greatest of modern wars, it is not difficult to place his name highest on the roll of the great captains of the armies of the world,

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

We ask our regular readers, as well as those who see the BLADE for the first time, to read carefully the Publishers' Department, on the fifth page. The books, pictures, scales and watch advertised are all worthy of attention. We handle the goods not for profit, but as an accommodation. Purchasing them in great quantities, we are enabled to furnish them lower than can be elsewhere. We warrant everything to be as represented.

THE President, having been requested by Mrs. GRANT to name the pall-bearers for Gen. GRANT's funeral, he has appointed the following: Gen. SHERMAN, Lieut. Gen. SHERIDAN, Admiral DAVID D. PORTER, Vice Admiral STEPHEN C. ROWAN, Gen. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON, of Virginia; Gen. SIMON B. BUCKNER, of Kentucky; HAMILTON FISH, of New York; GEORGE W. CHILDS, of Pennsylvania; JOHN A. LOGAN, of Illinois; GEORGE JONES, of New York, and OLIVER HOYT, of New York.

THE American physician who accompanied the Spanish medical commission to investigate the cholera epidemic, reports to the State department that Dr. FERRAN's plan of cholera inoculation is worthless. He says the inoculated persons do not appear to acquire much immunity, because they are attacked by the cholera and die like those not inoculated.

THE official delegation from the national House of Representatives to attend the funeral of Gen. GRANT will be composed of Messrs. CARLISLE, RANDALL, MORRISON, TUCKER, SINGLETON, HISCOCK, REED, BROWNE, of Indiana, and BUTTERWORTH.

GRANT'S TOMB.

Riverside Park, New York city, has been finally determined on as the burial place of Gen. GRANT. A temporary tomb will be constructed for the immediate reception of the body, a short distance away from the site selected by Col. GRANT for the mausoleum which will be the final resting spot of the Great Captain and his tenderly loved wife. Riverside Park is in an incomplete state at present, and the plans for the permanent improvement of the grounds will be determined largely by the fact that it is the tomb of GRANT, and made to conform thereto. It is not open to the objections that were raised against Central Park. It contains 117 acres, and is located on the western side of Manhattan island. The site chosen for the tomb is on a high promontory overlooking the Hudson. The summit of this elevation is an almost level plateau, a little over twenty acres in extent. The river side is a very abrupt descent of 200 feet. Standing on the site of the tomb, looking southward, the observer has the wide expanse of the Hudson on his right, with distant views of Hoboken and Jersey City. On the left New York City is outspread before him. Looking north every winding of the Hudson can be clearly seen for a distance of twenty miles, the Palisades on the one bank and the heights which fringe the river from Spuyten Duyvil to beyond Sing Sing on the other. The monument which will cover the ashes of the General, if at all imposing, will be visible for miles up and down the Hudson. The spot is suggestive of memoirs of the revolution. Fort Lee is a bold promontory on the opposite side of the river, the old fort in Central Park is on the southeast, Fort Washington is on the north, and the highlands near West Point shut in the horizon beyond the Tappan Zee. The water front and the park, being the property of the city, must remain undisturbed forever. No structures can be erected to break the uniformity of the view from above and from below. The site is remote from lines of travel, and is nearly eight miles, air line, from the City Hall, and six miles at least by any practicable route from the Grand Central depot. All things considered, the place is admirable far the purpose. It is a matter of regret that the family selected New York city as the last resting-place of the illustrious hero, instead of some appropriate spot in the West; but no one will question their right to decide the matter for themselves.

THE Northern Democratic papers, with their usual asinine incapacity to understand progressive political ideas, are demanding to know what the Republicans are going to say about the fact that the nominees of both parties for governor of Virginia were distinguished rebels. Mr. WISE, the Republican standard bearer, is a son of GOV. HENRY A. WISE; FITZHUGH LEE, the Democratic nominee, is a nephew of ROBERT E. LEE. Both men served in the rebel army.

LEE, who has been educated at West Point, left the United States army to accept a position in the Confederate service, and became distinguished as a cavalry commander. He has never shown any ability in civil life, and is not supposed to have any of the qualities that would make him prominent as a political leader. His politics are the same that they were twenty years ago. He is a Virginia Bourbon, and has all the stubborn incapacity of his class to comprehend the logical results of the war. He is a reactionist, and his sole claim to recognition by his party is his fame as a rebel leader. He stands on a platform which calls upon Democrats to "preserve the freedom of suffrage which they have succeeded in establishing." This phrase, "freedom of suffrage," means, in plain English, the freedom of Virginia Bourbons to stuff ballot-boxes, to prevent negroes from voting, to falsify the count of ballots, to do anything and everything to perpetuate reactionary Bourbon rule in the Old Dominion. LEE represents this, and no more.

Mr. WISE represents the progressive element among Virginians. He is one of the men who accepted in good faith the decree of the sword, to whose arbitrament the South appealed when the control of the national administration was taken out of its hands in 1860. He recognized the changed status of things which was the result of wiping slavery out of existence, and has come to the front as a progressive instead of a reactionary leader. Since the war he has been much in public life, and has gained a reputation as a bold, energetic, sagacious and honorable political leader, and is one of the best public speakers in the Old Dommion. His election will mean the permanent retirement of the Bourbon Ku-Klux minority from power, and the extension of a free ballot and an honest count of his vote to every citizen, white or black, no matter how humble he may be.

THE death of Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE within the past few days removes one of the most remarkable personages of England. His one hundredth birthday was celebrated the 24th of last October, at which time he seemed in fair health, and likely to live another year, and perhaps longer. He was a Jew, and a man of strong characteristics; was sheriff of London in 1837, when he was knighted by the Queen, and was afterward high sheriff of the county of Kent, where he resided. In 1840 he went to the far East where he secured certain rights for the Jews of Damascus of which they had been deprived. In 1846 he was raised to a baronetcy in recognition of his high character and the good he had accomplished. He received further honors in 1864, when the Court of Common Council publically thanked him for his work in the direction of relieving persons oppressed for their religious convictions in various countries to which he journeyed for the purpose. He was particularly commended for his trip to Morocco, where he went to beg the emperor to relieve his Jewish and Christian subjects from their civil and religious disabilities. His benefactions were numerous up to the day of his death.

IT might almost seem as if the world were going to the bad at the swiftest possible rate. An exposure has recently been made of a state of things in Copenhagen similar to that described by the Pall Mall *Gazette* as existing in London.

DRUGGISTS say that the price of patent medicines has gone down so much that there is little money in them now. The day of large fortunes from them is over. This will be good news for the chronic medicine swallower.

OUR NEW SEWING MACHINE.

We have to report to our readers that our Sewing Machine Factory is so far along that we are confident we shall be able to ship machines by the 15th of September next. Also that we have our machine on trial in a large number of houses, and that it performs to the entire satisfaction of all who are using it. It runs very lightly, does every variety of work with less trouble than any machine on the market, and is in all respects, all that can be desired. We shall sell it direct, without the intervention of middle-men, and at less than half the price extorted for other machines. Read our announcement on 5th page, and if you contemplate buying a machine this fall or winter, send us your address. As soon as possible all whose addresses are registered will receive a descriptive circular, which will state price and contain our guarantee. We propose to revolutionize the Sewing Machine business. It is for the protection of the people that we have embarked in this enterprise. We shall strike the monopoly very hard, and with the co-operation of the people, shall accomplish great good. It is something to get a valuable Sewing Machine for from $16 to $18.

AN UNEXPLAINED FACT.

The charge is still made in some of the more extreme free trade journals that the present business depression is the result of our tariff system. They are presuming upon the gross ignorance of their readers concerning the facts in the case. If the charge is true, and if free trade is the panacea for all business derangements, will they please to explain why Great Britain, the home of free trade, has felt called upon to appoint a commission to inquire into the cause of her present business depression?

It is said that the existing stagnation there is so great that few of the present generation have witnessed the equal of the crisis through which the country is now passing. Depression seems to have overtaken business generally, but the manufacturing interests in the large commercial centers are the chief sufferers. Shipbuilding has suffered now for more than two years, and the falling off in that industry in that time has been fully two-thirds. As Great Britain possesses all the conditions which the free traders and 20 per cent. horizontal reductionists insist are of prime necessity to the prosperity of a nation, explanations would most certainly seem to be in order why it is that its manufactures languish for want of foreign as well as home customers; why a blight has fallen upon its shipbuilding interest to an extent that shows a comparative lapse of its foreign commerce; why is it that only by a protective system of subsidies by the government are some of its great steamship lines kept afloat; why pauperism and suffering are increasing in all the manufacturing centres, accompanied by a corresponding increase of crime.

The free traders in this country are active. Their subserviency to British ideas and British interests is so complete that they are working with might and main to have something done in the direction of free trade by Congress next winter. It is understood that Mr. CARLISLE, who expects to be re-elected speaker, has received more than a thousand letters asking that MORRISON be appointed chairman of the committee of Ways and Means, and that Horizontal BILL, in anticipation of this appointment, is diligently at work this hot weather devising a tariff reduction scheme to be presented to Congress immediately on its meeting in December. The mere fact that the Democrats, are in power that the free traders are so active, and that it is impossible to foresee how far they shall be able to influence the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives, is one of the most potent reasons why a revival of business has not already sprung up in this country. The conditions are all favorable for it; but the enormous amount of idle money that is now held by the banks, which increases from week to week, shows that the holders of capital are cautious, and prefer allowing their money to lie idle than to invest it with the present uncertain state of things prevailing. We hope MORRISON will introduce his bill on the first day of the session, and that the House will, as speedily as possible, defeat it. Such a course will, more than any one thing, restore confidence to the commercial world—the one thing necessary to a trade revival.

FITZHUGH LEE has been offered the position of aid on Gen. HANCOCK's staff at Gen. GRANT's funeral next Saturday, and has accepted, in order, as he says, to testify his respect to a great soldier. Two other Confederate generals, Gen. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON, of Virginia, and Gen. SIMON B. BUCKNER, of Kentucky, are to be among the pall bearers of the honored dead named by President CLEVELAND. Does it not seem as if good taste would have included the two ex-Presidents, HAYES and ARTHUR, among those invited to take a prominent part in the funeral services next Saturday?

ACCORDING to the report of the committee appointed to examine into the condition of the industries of Ireland, they are in a sad condition. No kind of manufacture seems to be prosperous except that of linen. Various changes are recommended to better things, prominent among which is an improvement in railway facilities. Another is a system of artesial drainage which will enable the farmers to cultivate the soil with greater success. These will be real benefits which will do much to promote the welfare of the Irish people.

THE friendly feeling of the English people towards this country, coupled with their admiration of Gen. GRANT, insprires the preparations for the memorial service to be held in Westminster Abbey. The prince and princess of Wales have secured seats, the queen will be represented by some distinguished dignitary, and most of the high military officers in or near London will attend.

IN consequence of threats said to have been made against them, the colored citizens of Vicksburg have adopted resolutions demanding protection at the hands of the land-owners and local merchants, and threatening to emigrate *en masse* if it is not given.

CLEVELAND'S failure to recognize the Greenback allies of the Michigan Democrats is giving much uneasiness to the latter, and every Democrat who returns from Washington is eagerly asked whether he discovered any signs of such recognition.

NASBY.

Where we laid about two months, then came back over the same road to Algiers, opposite New Orleans, where we marched aboard the gulf steamer G. W. Peabody and went out at the mouth of the "Father of Waters" and around on the coast of Texas, where we camped two months on Matagorda peninsula, which is about two miles wide and 60 miles long, and is nothing but sand, without a single tree or bush or green leaf to be seen.

We were there January 1, 1864, which everybody will remember as the cold New Years. Ice formed there about as thick as window glass, and we suffered terribly with cold. After laying there two months we loaded ourselves again on the steamer St. Mary, and went back to Algiers, and started up through the Peche country on the great "Red river sell out" or "give way," which ever it was.

We marched long and hard, and had several brushes with the Johnnies, until April 1864, when near Shreveport we met them in full force and we were theirs. They had formed a lucky horse shoe for us, and we marched in at the opening, and they shut up on us. We fought them till our ammunition was exhausted, and then tried to get out, but it was no go, and we had to surrender. All the regiment was captured except companies C and I, who were detailed to support a battery and succeeded in getting out.

That night we laid in a fresh plowed field near Mansfield, and next morning started for Tyler, Texas, to try the horrors of prison life. We arrived there in about a week without anything startling happening. Four companies of the regiments were exchanged some time in July and the other four held until October 23, when we were exchanged at the mouth of Red River and went down the Mississippi to New Orleans and replenished our ward robes, and came back from there to Baton Rouge where we remained until our time was out on provost guard. We left there December 25, 1864, for Louisville, Ky., where we were mustered out January 26, '65. Would like to hear from more of the regiment, and also from the 77th or 130th Illinois, or 48th Ohio, as they were in our brigade at the time of our capture. J. H. BUSSING,
Co. H, 19th Ky., Springfield, Ill.

A Boy Who Wore the Gray Comes to the Front.

To the Editor of the Blade Camp Fire:

In reply to H. F. Null, Webster, Fla., I would say he saw things during the war that I never saw or even heard of before—killing inoffensive, crippled Confederate soldiers and cutting their tongues out, making head-boards of their crutches. No, I never saw anything like it. I have seen and known many Union men murdered in the South for their principles and money by a lot of rebels. I never heard of an honorable Confederate or Union soldier doing anything but to fight like brave soldiers. Mr. Null says that the Southern soldier fought for what he thought was right and whipped the Union soldiers as long as they had a fair show.

Now, I was a Confederate soldier and fought in front of Richmond, Antietam and elsewhere, but I never thought I was right. I only thought I must fight or leave my native home forever, and most of the Southern soldiers fought under the same circumstances.

The poor white men of the South, that owned no slaves, knew that they were fighting for slaves—that they did not own, and nothing else, and I am certain that two-thirds of them owned no slaves, and did not want to fight, yet they were forced into the war against their wills.

Now, Mr. Null thinks that the Union soldiers will have to answer for sins for burning houses, private property, etc. I don't think history records a war where any raiding armies ever did less burning and destroying property than the Union army, and I am certain that history does not record any war where the subjugated army was treated as leniently as the Confederate army was by the victorious Union army.

As to the fighting qualities of either army, no sensible person should complain. We all now that the slave-holders of the South were the cause of it. They rushed the South out of the Union without any cause. The north plead for peace as long as there was any hope, and in return the South murdered Union men merely for being Union men, and to frighten others into their army, and I do not think the South has any right to complain of the Union soldiers, but to love them for their most noble and forgiving spirit. I further think that the people of the South will very soon find out that they committed just as great an error in trampling under foot the constitution of the United States by disranchising a great portion of the Southern voters, and running elections by fraud, as they did by seceding from the Union.

I think after we have been treated so [illegible] the victors, we should respect [illegible]

ONE of the best things Pres. CLEVELAND has done, so far, is the appointment of Mr. FRANK H. UNDERWOOD, of Boston, to the Consulate at Glasgow, in the place of BRET HARTE, recalled. HARTE has never given the office the slightest attention, so his recall was right and proper. Mr. UNDERWOOD, his successor, is one of the most brilliant literary men in Boston. He is a thorough scholar, a brilliant writer, a conscientious and honest man, and a gentleman all the way through. He will not only represent the country well in his official capacity, but he will be, personally, a credit to the American people as a representative American. A man of vast learning, kindly and good in all respects, a brilliant conversationalist and a thorough man of the world, Mr. UNDERWOOD is the exact style of man that we should send abroad. He will do himself and the President credit.

IT now appears that the Secretary of the Navy, in crushing JOHN ROACH, the ship-builder, had another object in view—to advance the interests of the free ship bill that has been pushed, for several years past, upon the attention of Congress. Mr. WHITNEY is said to have been in communication with English ship-builders, and they are warmly in favor of the bill, as it will enable the shipyards of the Clyde to control the shipbuilding of the United States as well as Great Britain. JOHN ROACH was the lion in the path, and WHITNEY first struck him down. The largest private ship yard in the United States is closed, that the British yards might have a monopoly.

MINNEAPOLIS has a peculiar ordinance regulating the liquor traffic. Besides charging a license fee of $500, the ordinance marks out certain patrol limits, including the business portion of the city, within which all the saloons there are must be established, and where they can be kept under close police inspection. As to the rest of the city, including all the main residence portions of the city, where probably nine-tenths of the inhabitants have their homes, absolute saloon prohibition prevails, and is rigidly enforced.

THE American Social Science association will meet as usual at Saratoga Springs this year, from September 7 to 11 inclusive. The meeting will open on Monday evening with an address by the president, Hon. John EATON, of Washington The department of Education will meet on Tuesday, September 8; the Jurisprudence department on Thursday, September 10, and the department of Health and of Social Economy on Friday, September 11.

THE total value of the merchandise exported from the United States during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1885, was $741,893,683, against imports valued at $578,476,850, an excess of exports over imports amounting to $164,416,833. The excess of exports over imports during the preceding fiscal year ending June 30, 1884, amounted to $72,815,916.

THE total wheat yield of Victoria (Australia) is onethird less than last year, and the quantity available for export is less than 3,500,000 bushels.

THE Jews in New York have already raised $10,000 towards a monument to Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE in Central Park.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Sec. Bayard has received a dispatch from the U. S. consul at Marseilles, saying that the recent report of an outbreak of cholera in France was unfounded.——Grasshoppers are devastating the country near Tiffin, O.——Immediately after the funeral of Gen. Grant, Pres. Cleveland, accompanied by two or three friends, will leave Washington for northern New York, to be absent a month.——A man named Hamilton, alias Rivers, an American, was sentenced to twenty years' inprisonment for murder at Zacatecas, Mexico.——Very Rev. Patrick Reilly, vicar general of the Roman Catholic diocese of Wilmington, Del., is dead.——Shoenberger's Iron and Steel works, at Pittsburg, have resumed, giving employment to 2,000 men. At the Lebanon, O., normal school commencement Miss Emma Darley delivered the alumnal oration—subject, "Revolution of the Ideal of Home Life," after which she was handed a telegram announcing the death of her father.——The Afghan boundary question has been temporarily suspended, at the request of Russia. The Ameer of Afghanistan advises his people to cultivate the friendship of England.——Sec. Lamar informed a delegation of cattlemen that protests against the execution of the President's 40-day removal order were unavailing, and added the threat that within a few days the public might expect to hear a great deal more on this subject.——Atty. Gen. Garland has decided that the interior department has no authority to grant permission to the Indians to lease their lands for grazing.——Sec. Manning has issued a circular letter declining to reopen any claims decided under previous administrations, unless new and material evidence is produced.——The late Dr. Ford, of Richmond, Ind., an eccentric old note shaver, it has been ascertained, arranged and prepared his funeral expenses to the smallest details before his death.——A piece of platinum wire only .0007 of an inch in thickness was lately exhibited by the Royal society of London.——In Huesca, capital of the Spanish province of that name, the people are in revolt against the enforcement of the excise laws, and have burned the office of the excise collector to the ground.——Neville, the bigamist, died in the Ohio Penitentiary Sunday.——Riel's trial ended Saturday in conviction, and he was sentenced to be hanged Sept. 18.——There are now about a dozen bridges across the Thames at London and the corporation has just decided to build another. Two centuries ago London Bridge was the only one, and the bold proposition to build another as far up as Putney was promptly rejected in the House of Commons.——Twelve hundred miners in the Massillon district, Tuscarawas valley, Ohio, have refused to accept the reduction demanded by the operators, and a general strike is expected.——The property of the Barkers' and Merchants' Telegraph company was sold at auction, in New York, and bought in by the reorganization committee.——The colored people of Warren county, Miss., at a public meeting adopted a resolution declaring unless they were protected by the land-owners and merchants from threats made against them they would be compelled to leave the state.——A colored man, 96 years old, carries the mail between Carthage, Ga., and the depot—a distance of about a mile.——A German officer has been arrested as a spy by the Russian authorities of Sacobstadt, on the Baltic. Documents proving the character of his mission are said to have been found upon his person.——T. C. McRea, the Democratic congressional candidate in the Third Arkansas district, recently delivered a speech in which he said that the doctrine of state rights had better be dropped.——The decrease of the public debt during July was $8,662,789.96.——Stanley Huntley, a newspaper writer well known in the West, having been connected with newspapers in Chicago and St. Louis, and later achieving a reputation in the East by the popular "Spoopendyke Papers," died in New York Thursday night.——Char

Correspondence.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

"The Raging of the Dog Star."—Everybody and Everything Torpid but the Office-Seeker—Sultry Scenes in the Red Parlor—One Man Who is Doing the Administration Credit—Gen. Black's Splendid Work in the Pension Bureau—Hope at Last that the Pension Business Will be Closed Up.

Special Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

WASHINGTON, July 27, 1885.

The old Romans, who never knew the joy of possessing a weather bureau, and who lived and died in sad ignorance of the "torrid waves," "hot-air rivers," "spots on the sun," "changes in the photosphere," and other improvements of modern civilization, dimly imagine that the hot weather was caused by the dog-star, that brightest of all stellar lights, and which in July and August, accompanies the sun in his journey through the heavens, apparently to "give more power to his elbow," as the Irish would say. Hence the name "Dog-days."

It must have been a spectacle to "move the immortal gods to inextinguishable mirth" to see old Julius Cæsar pull off the laurel wreath with which he was vainly trying to conceal the shiny march of his forehead back to join his spine, and, mopping his wrinkled dome of thought, curse the dog-star, in sonorous polysyllables, rolling furiously through the six cases, four declensions, three moods, and two voices that terrify the school-boy even to this day.

HOW DID THEY DO IT?

There is one thing that is too wonderful for me—yea, two which I know not: One is, how those old drifters managed to "cuss" satisfactorily in their sesquipedalian lingo, and the other is, how they ever contrived to "do sums" with their clumsy old Roman numerals. Conceive, for example, old Cicero getting a prof. from a bumble-bee's javelin—a time, if ever, when a man needs a handy, compact, easy-moving, hard-hitting word, and being compelled to relieve his feelings by the remark: *"O, monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum."* Even an orator could not get much satisfaction at such a time out of talk like that.

I find I am getting cursory in my remarks. In fact, it is difficult in this weather to keep one's remarks from being mainly cursory. That's the Sirius objection to it, (The explanatory diagram to this joke, which will be sent on receipt of a red postage stamp, and the sender's real name—not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith—will set forth that Sirius is the Latin name of the dog-star.) What I started to say was that, hot as the blue vault of heaven may be in other parts of the country, there is no place on the planet that the dog-star rages so fiercely as on this fair capital of the Brave and the Free. Scientists tell us that Sirius is now getting away *from* us at the rate of 29 miles a second; he seems to get away *with* us at about the same rate of speed. Everything here begins to fairly boil quite early in the morning—it has simmered all night. The endless stretches of broad, smooth asphalt pavement reverberate the scorching rays, and send up quivering radiations, as if they were so many gigantic stove-pipes. The tall, brown-red brick buildings glow as if their color came from internal heat, and the weary, panting shade-trees—the oldest of them only dating from the new birth of the city, under Boss Shepherd, twelve or fifteen years ago—wilt and pine under the focussed rays, and confess with scared leaves and naked branches how fruitless is the struggle to maintain a verdant Parch. Everybody who can get away has fled to the mountains or the seashore. The cooks in the departments say because instinct and outward admonition tell them that this is a very hot time for a man who wants to keep his place to be away from his desk. The President and the heads of the departments stay because the office-seekers would mutiny if left to the crows, and the office-seekers stay because office-seekers and office-holders are "stayers" by nature and education.

Every morning as the hour approaches limpid processions can be seen moving along the streets that lead to the public offices. The men—generally "fat and scant o' breath," wear suits of wrinkled seersucker, and carry enormous sun umbrellas, so as to

"Lord the lean earth as they walk along,"

and as they wipe their perspiring brows, excommunicate the weather and the day, ask sadly of the latest heads to fall beneath the guillotine of "offensive partisanship," and inquire with tender solicitude as to the latest rumors concerning changes and removals. The women, clad in showy and eye-delighting white—in no place in the world do they look so well and as pretty in white dresses as in Washington, with those whom nature has endowed with fine arms and what the French call "pectoral advantages," revealing the same through "open work" and translucent material—glide along without an external manifestation of the heart's discomfiture showing in the face or garment. These are clefts on their way to their day's employment. The departmental buildings are enormous piles of masonry, with rooms like caves, and are as comfortable as any places can be, while the outside temperature is permanently in the neighborhood of 100. At 4 o'clock the procession moves the other way, with a briskness inspired by hunger and a desire to exchange garments of street and office convenience for the smallest amount that will satisfy the demands of decency.

AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

If you pass in front of the White House at almost any hour you will see clustered around its chalky portico, like gigantic bees about the bung of a sugar-barrel, groups of men and vehicles. Entering the building you will find men and women, with anxious, expectant faces, stowed in every nook and cranny to which the public can penetrate. These are the minor office-seekers, and the hangers-on to the big ones. Among them is a large per cent. who have not the slightest earthly show of getting anything, and who know they have not. But they hang around the fountain-head of power with something of the fascination that makes the beggar stand for hours in front of the wealth displayed in a broker's window. Up-stairs you will find the bigger fellows, who have influence or standing enough to take them past the man guarding the foot of the stairs. There are rotund, smooth-faced "pets," signified "I want-you-to-understand-that-I own-a-large-part-of-this-earth" looking "senators," heavy-weight "generals" and "colonels," and pushing strikers and ward-workers, each with more or less cheek and aggressiveness mapped out clearly in his face. All sit around on the hot, stuffy chairs and sofas, fan and mop industriously, mumble imprecations on the weather, and glower at all the other incomers and outgoers.

The President is holding his daily struggle with office-seekers. As fast as any come out of the Red parlor, where the interviews are being held, the patient old usher says in a low tone to those who have been longest in waiting:

"Chairs in there for four or five more, gentlemen," and they file in to watch how the others approach the President, and what luck they apparently have.

The President does not appear to be suffering from the heat. He is dressed in a cutaway suit of blue serge, the coat buttoned at the first button. He stands near a table, against which he occasionally leans with his hands in his pockets, during a protracted talk, but usually he moves about on his feet easily. He, of all in the room, is not making vigorous use of fan or handkerchief, but holds in his hand a pair of steel-bowed spectacles, which he occasionally uses to glance over papers handed him, and then again he sticks them down in the side-pocket of his coat. He listens without a sign of impatience to every one, appears really interested in whatever is said to him, and sends every one away gratified with the manner in which he has been treated. When I say "every one," I of course except those importunate fellows who come determined not to take anything but a positive promise for an answer, and who go away swearing because they can not get this.

A PLUME FOR THE REPUBLICAN CAP.

There is one thing that the Republicans have not made the most of. That is, the high tribute that their political opponents have unwillingly paid to their management of public affairs. For the past quarter of a century the main text for Democratic discourses has been the corruption of Republicans in office. We have had it continually dinned into our ears that Republicanism was only another name for official malfeasance; that every office was a hot-bed of peculation, wrong doing, and shiftless indolence, and that every office-holder who was not corrupt was incompetent or lazy. By dint of perpetual reiteration people came to believe these things, and everybody expected that the moment the Democrats came into office there would be an uncovering of morasses of rottenness that would startle the country. They have been in office now nearly five months, an abundance of time for all manner of revelations, if there had been anything to reveal, and the sum total of the developments they have made does not exceed what would have followed had the Republicans continued in office. They are not willing to make public declaration of the fact, but every head of a department or subdivision of a department will freely admit, in private conversation, his astonishment at the excellence of the system and methods he found prevailing, and the number of faithful, capable and industrious people among his subordinates. The Treasury department has always borne the brunt of the Democratic campaign attacks, but when an examination was made every cent that should have been in its vaults was found there, and every dollar that it ever had possession of was properly accounted for, except some million or so which mysteriously disappeared from the New Orleans mint during the time the Louisiana Democrats had possession of it. In place of there being "hordes of useless and idle clerks," there is found to be more than work enough for all employed, and the force will probably have to be increased instead of diminished. Nowhere can the finger be put on a single rotten spot. The same is true of all the other departments. The only living scandal comes from the Navy department and the Land commissioner's office. In the former the scandals are fruit of a system of operating, which we inherited with our naval establishment from England, and which is thought by some to be inseparable from naval matters. At all events it is not a partisan matter, but one which rises from the official staff of the Navy. The Land office scandals, whatever there may be in them, are outside the office, and among rings of land-grabbers, who may or may not have been dealt with with sufficient sternness by the office. Whatever fraud or corruption exists in either this or the navy can most properly be laid at the door of Congress. The best that the Democrats can hope for, is that they may be able to leave matters in as good shape, when they go out in 1889 as they found them when they came in in 1885.

ONE GOOD REFORM.

Whatever may be said of the heads of departments and sub-departments who have come in under the new administration, in general and particular, there is one man whose course so far has reflected the greatest credit upon the wisdom that selected him and the still greater wisdom that permitted him to conduct his office according to his own ideas. This man is Gen. John C. Black, of Illinois, the commissioner of pensions. In many respects the commissioner of pensions is the most important officer of the President's staff. He disburses very much more money every year than any other officer, except the secretary of the treasury, and what is still more to the purpose, he has a discretion about these disbursements that no other officer enjoys. There are comparatively few dollars paid out by other officers on their own discretion. For instance, the secretary of war has control of the disbursement of about $40,000,000 a year. The laws rigidly prescribe where nearly every dollar of this shall go, and in most instances indicate the very names of the persons to whom most of it shall be paid, and the amounts they shall receive.

The commissioner of pension directs the payment of an average of $55,000,000 a year, and within certain lines he has the widest discretion as to whom payments shall be made, and to whom arbitrarily refused. Then think of his being the grand almoner of this great and rich nation, and the man to whom 350,000 of the disabled veterans of the war for the Union, their widows, orphans and dependent parents look to for the slender stipends which keep the gaunt wolf from their humble doors.

This matter of pensions for those who were broken and shattered in bearing the heat and the burden of the great strife for the nation's preservation lies very near the heart of our people. No one wants a dollar paid out to any man or woman who does not fairly entitle him to it. No one wants even the slender pittance of $8 a month—which is the average pension—bestowed upon any who can not show conclusively his right to it. The soldiers of the country and their friends have never asked that a pension be granted on less evidence than that sufficient to establish a claim in a court of Common Pleas. But they have protested against a system which wrought a cruel denial of justice by the interposition of senseless delays and technical pettifogging that was likely to worry the claimant into the poor house or the grave. They have said that if a man was entitled to a pension, he was also entitled to have that fact determined with a business-like promptness, and the relief given him while it would do him and his family some good; that dallying with cases from two to eighteen years—the average required to secure a pension has been about four years—was as absurd and unbusiness-like as it was cruel to the man who deserved well of the nation, and who, if relief were to be given him, should have it at once.

Previous commissioners have entered the pension bureau with the best intentions of reforming this crying evil, but they have succumbed to the iron-bound system which they found dominating there. The powerful tendency of all clerkdom in Washington in dealing with the creditors of the government is to gravitate into a refinement of hair-splitting quibbling and mere technicalism. From secretary to the lowest clerk the disposition becomes stronger every year to regard every man who has a claim against the government as a designing man, who has no right to his money, and who must be "held down hard." So there is a technical weapon left in the armory to fight him with. A certain amount of this spirit is very desirable, but there is such a thing as too much of it, even in dealing with contractors and such like.

But while no irreparable wrong might be done a contractor in Washington to wait ten years for money that is due him this, such delay in pensions is the bitterest injustice when it is inflicted upon a poor applicant who has at best but a very few years to live.

Commissioners Bentley, Dudley and Clark were all faithful, honest, well-meaning gentlemen, but they were failures as heads of the Pension Bureau—so pronounced by Congress and their immediate superiors, as well as by the body of the people—because they lacked the requisite force and capacity to infuse into the conduct of the office such business-like dispatch as would secure the settlement of pension claims during the life time of the claimants.

GEN. JOHN C. BLACK

saw his first service in the war as a private in the 11th Indiana, in West Virginia, during the three months' service. After his discharge he returned to his home in Danville, Ill., and raised a company for the 37th Illinois, in which regiment he rose by sheer force of gallantry and good soldiership, to be colonel, and then to a brigadier-general's commission. He was repeatedly and badly wounded. Both arms were shattered by rebel bullets, and both those limbs are in consequence shortened and partially paralyzed. In the right is a running sore, which has never healed, and probably never will. A constant sufferer himself, he is naturally an earnest sympathizer with his comrades in misfortune, and he shows this sympathy in the best possible way, by a practical, business-like reformation of the methods and practices of the Pension bureau. He has capacity to grasp the details of its administration, and force of character sufficient to carry out the improvements he finds necessary. He made no flourish of trumpets when he entered office, but told the leading G. A. R. men who called upon him to pass judgment upon him a year hence. If he continues as he has begun he can await that judgment with entire confidence. He has made comparatively few changes in the staff of the bureau—and up to recently had asked for no increase of clerks. But in less than four months he has increased the amount of business transacted fully 33 per cent., and everything indicates that this increase will be still greater in the coming months. For the first time in the history of the Pension bureau cases are being disposed of faster than they come in and a reduction is being made in the accumulations of years. For the first time there is a real substantial hope of the pension business being finally closed up, and every man being given in his lifetime the relief the laws contemplate. In doing this splendid work he has not relaxed the efficiency of a single safeguard against fraud, nor made the allowance of an unjust claim a particle more likely than it was under the slower and more cumbrous methods of his predecessors.

I do not propose to discuss the changes in the pension agents in the various states. These are entirely beyond political considerations, and have little relation to the administration of the bureau proper. There Gen. Black is doing a grand work, for which loyal people everywhere will rise up and call him blessed.

JOHN MCELROY.

The Tillamook Valley, Oregon.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

After a good deal more than a bird's-eye view of Tillamook valley, Oregon, I take the liberty of writing a letter to your paper, hoping it will meet the eyes of one or many home-seekers, and turn them this way. Those who want good homes in a quiet country place can find or make them here, let them be of whatever turn of mind they may. The land is rich and the climate genial in summer and winter. There are some farms for sale, with improvements on them; there are parts of claims for sale, and would be many more if buyers of the right kind came for them. The old settlers are beginning to feel that 640 acres, or even 320, is more than they care to manage. I heard one of them saying only the other day that he had divided his farm into three of 80 acres each, and sold two of them. "I did it," he said, "to benefit my third; every stroke of work they do will tell on my place. I did not make good bargains as far as money went, but I did not care to." They are intelligent men with families, and it is a great benefit to me to have them near me. I wouldn't sell to a single man. Single men in fact do fare badly here; but they be ar it bravely and go a little farther off on the hills, or up the mountain streams, take up claims and go to clearing land. An impossible thing to do it would seem at first, but very soon after one of these brave young noblemen begins his work he has a little clover patch, and soon a cabin, a little garden, a cow, and after awhile a farm and a wife. He belongs to the valley, and has influence over its people. They respect his pluck, but they annoy him some as men do each other under like circumstances the world over.

Nature has done marvels for this little valley—a petted child it is—she sets among the hills; sheltered from the driving storms of winter, cooled by the ocean breeze from the burning suns of summer, carpeted with white clover everywhere, in the streets, on the banks of the streams, in the woods; everywhere it lies waiting for the sun to touch it, and springs up as soon as it does, with thousands of natural springs, bubbling up everywhere, and just beyond—the bay and ocean.

I, who am a newcomer here, am anxious to see the beginning of a day that is sure to come when an immense lumber trade will be established here, when the stately trees give way to dairy farms, and thousands of great beef cattle go out yearly to the markets of the world.

Hundreds of families are going to Eastern Oregon and taking claims in the hills, or buying them in the bunch-grass region, who could come here and establish themselves more easily on much richer soil, with much better prospects. JOSIAH BIGGS.

Southern Colorado.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Hundreds of thousands of acres of land are lying idle, waiting for the hand of progress to till, and the stockman to enclose. Farming ranks next. A crop here is sure. Plenty of water and the best of soil make up the farms of Southern Colorado. Timbered lands for agricultural purposes are unequaled either in quality or quantity. Tanning is carried on in several different places in this section, and the towns furnish a market for the products of range and farm. Although education is lingering behind, the prospect of a glorious dawn is hanging over us. This fault does not lie in the school law of the state, neither is it found in the towns and cities, but among that class of people inhabiting the country, who have not given their attention to this branch of industry. A temperance sentiment, I am glad to say, is gaining ground rapidly in Colorado. I believe if the question of whisky or no whisky was submitted to the people to be voted upon, they would vote "no whisky."

Prohibition in Missouri.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I have been a subscriber to and a reader of your paper for a year, and though we do not agree on the subject of politics, yet I cannot help but admire your decided stand against the "Rum power."

I was born and bred in a Southern state, but was too young to take a part in the "late unpleasantness," and while my sympathies are and ever have been with the Southern people, I am truly glad that slavery has been abolished, and that the contending factions are united again.

We have several voters in our town who are, at heart, prohibitionists, but with the exception of one very old gentleman, none have ever voted their ticket.

We had quite an excitement on the 15th inst. over a petition for dramshop license in our town. A petition was presented to the county court with 41 names of taxpayers signed to it, but we insisted on an actual count by the court of the *bona fide* taxpayers of the town which resulted in showing conclusively that, excepting females who hold property in their own name, there were 83 who were actual taxpayers, giving our side a majority of one name. 'Twas a close shave, but we are satisfied that we defeated them even by one name. As our laws require that such petitions shall show a majority of the names of taxpayers, and as they failed to have the requisite number, license to retail ardent spirits in our town was refused.

This decision, or rather this test, meets with the approbation of nearly every merchant, professional man, and heads of families in Bloomfield, and by a still more decided stand in the future we hope to root out the evil altogether and stop the degrading traffic in our midst. J. W. HARRISON.

Bloomfield, Mo.

That Figure Puzzle.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I see in your paper of June 25 a puzzle in figures, which I will try to explain with your numbers. You wrote 25,836, then he wrote the answer, 223,894. He obtained the answer in this way: Subtract the left-hand figure in the number (25,836) from the whole, leaving a remainder of 23,894, then he prefixes the figure 2 giving the answer 223,894. He then tells you to write another. You then wrote 23,345. Then he wrote the third number 76,654. The reason he wrote that number was because the sum of the number he wrote and the second you wrote must be 99,999. Then you wrote 43,870 for the fourth number; then he wrote 56,129, because that is the number to obtain 99,999. The puzzle demonstrates one of the properties of the figure 9.

Some Short Notes on Prohibition.

Z. T. Queen, Bancroft, Neb.:

I am delighted with the BLADE. I am a new subscriber, but had I known it was such a temperance paper I would have taken it sooner. My motto is: More churches, more schoolhouses and more earnest working temperance mechanics and workers. But I hope the whisky seller's business will get knocked higher than a kite. I will try to get some new subscribers for the BLADE, and hope others will do the same.

M. Foote, Richmond, Ills.:

My brother and I are twins, 72 years old. He lives in Fairfield, Huron county, O., and I live in Richmond, Henry county, Ills. He is a Prohibitionist, but I pity his judgment. I am an old Whig and a Republican, and never voted any other ticket in my life. If that is an offensive partisan then I am one to diminish. Mark Robert McCune if M. Foote is not sound. I am the postmaster here, and am patiently waiting for the coming event. Let it come.

F. E. Merrill, Rough and Ready, Cal.:

Some one has been kind enough to send me your valuable paper for the last three months, for which I am ever grateful. I now send you $1 and wish to become a regular subscriber. My family all take great interest in the BLADE, more than in any other paper that comes to the house.

B. B., Ross, Sunnydale, Kan.:

In the fall of 1883, in a letter to the BLADE, I predicted the defeat of the Republican party if it evaded the liquor question. The same party in Ohio to-day is moving to defeat because it tries to evade the question. They are watching the BLADE, and feel its power over the minds of the sold temperance men all over the Union. There is some work for temperance yet to be done here, and we want some statistics. Old time Republicans claim that the party ever has been a friend of temperance. I believe the statute books of the different states will show that the Republican party has annulled more temperance laws than it has ever passed. If I am wrong I want to be set right.

Information Wanted.

Mrs. Emma A. Wallace will please send her address to Mrs. A. B. Inman, Golden Hill, Wyoming county, Pa.

Ohio Leads, of Course.

The German American Teachers' committee on statistics submitted an elaborated report on the number of German pupils attending public, private and parochial schools in this country. It shows that on July 12, 1884, there were 124,513 German pupils attending public schools, 12,191 in private schools, 21,007 in Protestant parochial schools, and 158,595 in Catholic parochial schools. There were 233 German teachers in public schools, 96 in private schools, 170 in Protestant parochial schools, and 80 in Catholic parochial schools. Ohio leads in the number of pupils, then follow Missouri, Illinois, Wisconsin and Pennsylvania. With the exception of Ohio and Missouri, the Catholic pupils exceed those in the public schools from 12 to 75 per cent.

"Spoopendyke" Dead.

Stanley Huntley, a popular writer for the press, and author of the "Spoopendyke papers," died in New York Thursday night.

He had been in very delicate health for more than two years, and his death was not unexpected. He was the son of Judge R. H. Huntley, a wealthy resident of Brooklyn. His first work for the press was as a reporter of the New York *Tribune*, for which he wrote but one article. He was assigned to report the meeting of the Farmers' club. Without trying to obtain any information by questioning members of the club, he wrote a sarcastic article poking fun at the chairman and dwelling upon the hayseed in that worthy's hair. The next day he was informed that his services were no longer wanted; and the fact was explained to him that Horace Greeley had presided at the Farmers' club. He died poor.

The business failures occurring throughout the country during the last seven days, as reported to R. G. Dun & Co., number for the United States 178, and for Canada 23, as against 215 last week and 225 the week previous to the last.

Harness makers guarantee the Boss Collar Pad.

HILL OF SILVER.

Monstrous Mineral Deposits—Rich Developments—Fabulous Wealth—The Unparalleled Success of a Boston Enterprise—An Interesting Book Everybody Should Read.

To the Editor of the Blade:

"We are living, we are swelling
In a fascinating time,
When with the ages wealth is rolling
Like marching monarchs into line."

There has been of late an intense interest in certain mining circles in this city over some mineral developments in Southern Colorado.

A few years ago a few moneyed men of this city purchased some mining claims in Rosita, Custer county, Colorado. They began immediately to develop them and as a result we have the Security Mining and Milling company of Rosita, Col., which was organized last year, (Eastern office, 81 Milk street, Boston), embracing all these properties with other large and rich mines. Up to this time nothing could be ascertained as to the working of the mines, except that they were well pleased with their property and its showing. No one one was allowed in the mines (except the workmen) and no secrets were given away at the office. This secrecy continued after the organization of the company. It was evident they had plenty of money—that they had no use for newspaper men, as they could not be interviewed on all occasions.

One of the directors said to your correspondent nearly a year ago when pressed for a statement of what they had been and were doing. "That they did not wish to say anything about their properties, nor have anything published about them until after a thorough development; that they believed they had the finest mining properties in the world; that they were disgusted with the way mining companies were generally operated; that they had determined to thoroughly prove the value of these mines before they let the world know anything about them." About this time they began

BUILDING LARGE MILLS

and reaching out in every direction to almost the New Mexico border, adding new properties to their already vast possessions. These mills were completed and started up about six weeks ago. It is now said they will pay their first dividend the last of August, and from that on every month.

The development of these extensive properties, including nearly

FORTY MINES,

the erection of the works, the equipping of the various properties with machinery, the building of mills, etc., has all been done in a quick, unpretentious way, and what is strangest of all, without a dollar's publicity. This is a showing perhaps never made by a mining company, and will be read with interest and admiration by every man and woman who appreciates and admires an honest enterprise.

The company has just published a little book (for the benefit of the stockholders) giving a history of their mines from the beginning of their work to the present states. It reads like a fairy story, though said to be only the most modest presentation of tremendous facts.

It is a revelation of

GOLD AND SILVER,

and will fascinate the reader as well as command the admiration of every healthy brain. It is a death-blow to speculative, wild-cat companies, and an argument in favor of honest, legitimate mining vastly stronger than the argument of words.

About three weeks ago the directors decided, in order to dispense with the enormous expense of leasing to build a railroad from their different mines to the mills, also from their mills to the nearest railroad station (a distance of about eight miles) which will connect them directly by rail with Denver and the East. It was first decided to build these roads out of the first earnings of the company, but this being objected to, it is settled that all earnings above the legitimate working expenses, should go into dividends, and for all outside expenses they would sell stock. Consequently they have offered for a short time

45,000 SHARES,

at $5 per share—the par value being $10 per share. They suggest that the present stockholders take up this stock so as to keep the corporation as private as possible.

They close their report to the stockholders in the following words:

"In submitting to you this statement of the work and doings of the Security Mining and Milling company, together with a brief description of the country, in which your properties are situated, we do so, we assure you, with pride and delight, satisfied that you will be as highly pleased over the situation of affairs as we are delighted, and that every dollar you have invested you will draw many out; and that, as a safe, permanent and highly profitable investment, there is nothing like it, nor a circumstance compared to it in the investment in stocks, bonds or lands; that, as a splendid business investment, it is one of those great opportunities that seldom come—but once in a lifetime."

Any one sending a two-cent stamp to Jas. W. Cartwright, Sec., 81 Milk street, Boston, will receive through the mail a copy of this little book.

The leading journals of this city, departing from the ordinary rule, have endorsed in the strongest terms this mining enterprise. The *Evening Traveller*, one of the most conservative New England journals, and really the financial organ of this city, says editorially, after strongly endorsing this mining company:

"There can be no doubt of the integrity or the ability of its management, for a company that can develop an enterprise from such originally small proportions to its present immense value without incurring debt of any kind, or injuring the interests of its stockholders, must of necessity have able and honest management.

THE FUTURE.

The new mills of the company were started up about two months ago, and it is expected now that the first dividends will be paid the last of August, and from that on monthly."

The Boston *Daily Globe*, one of the largest and leading Eastern journal, after endorsing the company and its management, says:

"On these properties are great buildings, including shaft houses, engine houses, ore houses, offices, hotels and dwellings, also all needed machinery, including monstrous engines, boilers, hoisters, derricks, buckets, cars, cages, railroad tracks, blacksmith shops, carpenter shops, etc.; and in addition to these they have erected and just completed large and

PONDEROUS MILLS,

with capacity for treating thousands of tons of ore a month. In addition to this, the company owns and controls the water and mill sites for miles around, and the water sites in that mountainous country are the keys to all its treasures. The development of these mines are shafts from 50 to 400 feet deep, with tunnels and drifts in all directions, which have exposed and opened up

A WILDERNESS OF MINERAL.

"But the most remarkable feature in the history of this company is that, notwithstanding they have accumulated all of these properties and developed them until they are said to be fabulously rich, equipping them with machinery and mills, and bringing them to a paying basis, they have done all this without having

ONE DOLLAR OF INDEBTEDNESS.

It is claimed that such a record was never made in the history of mining, and the work and management of this company will go a long way toward placing mining securities among the more conservative and safe investments. There can be no doubt not only of the integrity but the ability of the management of this company, for a company that can develop an enterprise from the

SIZE OF A MAN'S HAND

to a large and monstrous corporation of millions of value without incurring a dollar of indebtedness or in any way impairing or injuring the interests of a stockholder, but by their management making the stock more valuable every day, should readily convince their present property (with the start and hold they now have) a thousand fold."

The Sunday's *Courier*, of July 26, one of the most critical and hypercritical of all New England papers, said:

"The Security Mining and Milling Company, of Rosita, Col., is creating in mining circles a great interest. The company has been gradually developing its enormous properties in Colorado for some time, like the boa constrictor uncoiling itself and reaching for new territory. It has added, enlarged and developed, until it now possesses almost unlimited properties; with a control of the water in its section of the country; with nearly 40 large mines, together with ponderous mills, machinery, works, buildings, engines, hoisters, derricks, tracks, cars, cages, etc., etc.

"All these great properties have been paid for, the mines developed, mills and buildings put up, machinery bought, and all paid for, and the company

DOES NOT OWE A DOLLAR

of indebtedness. It is claimed by some of the stockholders who are insiders and ought to know, that the stock of the company will soon be worth many times its par value, that its dividends will be monthly and constantly increased, and that it will be sought after as no other stock in the market. One stockholder said: "I have loaded myself up with it, and have bought for a permanent investment. If I had a million dollars I would invest it all in this stock, if I could get it, before night." A few more such companies and the odium that has attached to mining companies in some quarters, will disappear, and they will come again into the foremost rank as the most profitable of all investments."

Among the stockholders are a number of the most prominent and conservative New England business men, and all are strong in the one belief that the company's properties are the finest and most valuable ever discovered and its future is one of perpetual sunrise.

A. A. Rowe, the president of the company, who is a cool headed, conscientious business man, said he knew nothing to equal the mines; that he had frequently visited them and knew what he was talking about; that with this exception he made no investments in outside business, but if he had millions to spare he would put it into this company.

J. W. Cartwright, the secretary, said: "You can read our pamphlet, every word in it is true. Why, sir! we have developed these mines from a small beginning to great properties, and to a paying basis. We control roads, mill sites, water courses, etc., in fact we hold the mining key to that section of the country. We have machinery, mills, works and everything needed, and do not use a dollar. There is nothing experimental, we have no risk to run, everything is an absolute certainty with us. We have been careful not to give anything to the public until we knew what we had. We believe that mines should be managed like any other business, in a legitimate, honest manner, and when so managed, if the property is good to begin with, they will pay as no other business will."

One of the largest stockholders, as well as a director in the company, is no less a person than Dr. R. C. Flower. In mentioning his name I mention a name that most of your readers are familiar with. He is said to have the largest practice of any living physician. In his active practice he has over 28,000 patients. He has a number of assistants and help without number. His extensive offices are on the corner of Washington and Chester Park, and his residence one of the palaces of Boston, 316 Commonwealth avenue. He is known throughout the length and breadth of this country as but few men are, and in his practice he has been so successful where other physicians have failed that by many his cures have been recorded as miraculous and his success phenomenal. His mail is enormous, his letters numbering hundreds a day, and his patients are in every part of the globe.

I made a number of efforts to obtain an interview with Dr. Flower at his office, but with no success, his time being so taken up with his practice. But last evening I called at his residence, and after waiting in the private parlor was shown into his private library, where he was busily engaged among his papers with a secretary.

"Well, doctor, I have called to make some inquiries about the Security Mining and Milling company of Rowta, Colorado." "Well, what do you wish to know?" "You are a stockholder, I believe, in this company to a large extent?" "Well, yes, to some extent." "Would you have any objections to stating what your opinion is regarding the present and future of this company?" "The present status is this: The company owns what we consider very valuable properties. It has developed those properties from what is called prospects to large paying mines—mines which we believe are capable of producing millions a year for years. They are well equipped with machinery, we have our own mills—everything is paid for, and we do not owe a dollar." "Is it a fact that you have brought these properties to their present status without a dollar's indebtedness?" "That is just what I mean. I would not belong to a company that went in debt. No business can be healthy and flourish that runs in debt." "Did I understand that you control the company?" "I and a few of my friends control it. None of us have any office in the company, and do not want any, but we do want the company honestly managed, and intend that it shall be. So far we have managed it without losing a dollar, and have developed our properties into what is perhaps the richest mines of the world. We believe our mines will pay millions and millions of dividends, and that our stock, upon a conservative basis, will soon be worth five times its par."

"Then you regard the stock now offered at five dollars a share as cheap?" "I certainly do. I have advised my friends and family to the extent they could spare their money to buy, and they have done so, and are doing so. I have several followers in this company. Of all my business investments, and they are all paying me well, I have never known anything that is a circumstance to this. It is my candid judgment that in twelve months time this stock will be scarce at thirty dollars per share. I have told the boys, and they know what I am talking about, that is why they are buying so heavily." "Have you any stock to sell?" "Not a dollar; I am buying, not selling." "Then you have gone into this mining company to stay?" "Yes, sir, and to make it like any other legitimate enterprise, for what is in it." "How many patients have you, doctor?" "I do not know exactly, but not far from thirty thousand." "What is your practice worth a year to you?" "That is a question you must excuse me from answering, but this I will say, that no man was ever more satisfied with the fruits of his labor than I."

"Well, doctor, one other question; this little mining pamphlet which your mining company has published reads much like a fairy story to me. Do you endorse all those statements as true?" "Yes, sir; I know them to be true. I am thoroughly acquainted with the inside of these properties for I visit them every few months."

A general investigation among the people who are acquainted with these great and coining mines, either directly or indirectly, revealed the same enthusiasm.

A prominent banker said: "It is my opinion that the Security Mining and Milling company's mines are of the highest value. They are making an immense amount of money, and are capable, from all indications, of making thousands of fortunes. Furthermore, they are managed by men whose names are a guarantee against either trickery or bad management. Dr. Flower and his followers are very strong men. They have plenty of money and an abundance of brains. They succeed in whatever they go into, and seem to have the happy faculty of making a success for everybody interested with them.

"Why, just think of it, they have developed all these vast properties until they have become paying and very rich; and all this without making a dollar's indebtedness. If they continue under the same management I see no reason why they should not make their millions annually."

In giving the above history of this great enterprise I have given simply a statement of the unvarnished facts as given to me, and as I have found them, and more than ever am I convinced that honor and integrity, coupled with brains and good management, will bring a thousand fold profit to all. E. P. FORD.

Boston, August 1, 1885.

Iowa Saloonkeepers on the War-path.

A case at Creston against a liquor house which holds a permit was decided against it by Justice Milligan at Afton. The liquor was ordered spilled, and 100 kegs of beer were destroyed. Five saloonmen, enraged at the defeat, are on the warpath, and Thursday night slugged the prominent prosecuting witness (Dr. Graves), abused another, and called at Prosecuting Attorney Spurrier's house to mob him. He was found at sent, and they called on Henry Bauer, the florist, a prominent prosecuting witness, with a rope, but he was also absent. They left a threatening word with his wife. Two saloonmen were arrested and fined. There is great excitement over the matter, and further trouble is feared.

Dashed to Death.

Nine men got into a bucket in New York to be hauled to the top of a shaft connecting with the new Croton aqueduct. When 60 feet up the bucket caught on a projection and tipped. Four men were thrown out; two clung to the bucket; the other two—Wm. Cunningham and Timothy Harrington—were dashed to death. Of the men who clasped the bucket, John Carr had his left thigh broken and his scalp injured in several places, and Wm. Ryan suffered injuries about the head, besides probable internal wounds.

A Domestic Revolution.

The Sewing Machine Oppression.

Something of Interest to Every Family in the Land.

Sewing Machines at Fair Prices

Every reader of the BLADE is asked to read the following carefully:

The middle-man system of doing business is costing the people of the United States millions of dollars annually. A piano, organ, sewing machine, reaper or mower costs the user at least three times what it should, owing to the method by which they are sold. The inventor and manufacturer gets only a fair profit, but there comes in between them and the consumer three parties, all of whom must have their profit, viz: the general agent, the district agent and the canvassing agent, whose percentages run up the cost of the article three to four times what it should be.

This is why a book that costs a dollar to manufacture cannot be sold to the person who wants it for less than $3.50, and the same rule applies to everything.

The Blade Company has watched the course of business in Sewing Machines carefully for years. There is not a woman who uses a Sewing Machine who has not paid at least twice for her Machine that she should. She has not paid the inventor or manufacturer exorbitant profits, but she has paid three middle men extravagant profits.

To remedy this exaction as far as possible, the Blade Company has determined to manufacture a reliable Sewing Machine, and to sell it direct to the user without the intervention of agents or middlemen of any kind or description.

We have secured the patents of the latest and best Sewing Machine, which we consider the best made. It is entirely simple, absolutely reliable, and cannot get out of order or do inferior work. It will sew any kind of material from the thinest muslin to the thickest leather, and possesses features superior to any machine now in use.

The BLADE warrants every one of them, which is a guarantee that ought to be satisfactory to anybody.

This machine we shall manufacture in a style as good as any on the market. The machine will be Nickel-plated, the bearings all of steel, hardened, and the machine ornamented as handsomely as any sold anywhere, by anybody. It will be in all respects a first class machine, hot only in appearance, but in actual work.

We shall sell it direct to the people. The rice has not been determined as yet, for we do not know, precisely, the cost of manufacture, but it will be less than half what is exacted for other standard machines.

The only cheap machines that are now on the market are old machines rebuilt, or new ones made on patents that have expired. While all will sew, none of the cheap machines sold are worth having for they do not have the latest improvements. The Blade machine will have all the improvements, and will comprise all the appliances for every variety of work. It will be the most durable, the easiest operated and the most reliable machine made.

The object of this announcement, before we have any machines to ship, is to call the attention of the public to what we shall do, and save those contemplating the purchase of a Sewing Machine the necessity of either paying a high price or being swindled by cheap and imperfect machines.

We shall be ready to ship machines about the first of October. The price will be somewhere from $16 to $18, cash in our counting room before the machine is shipped. We do this for the reason that we will not pay interest, commissions, or have any bad debts to saddle upon honest people who do pay. We shall make the machine as cheaply as possible, to have a good machine, and shall sell it at a small advance upon cost, directly to the user. To do this, the business must be cash, and no commissions to middlemen.

This machine has never been offered in connection with any newspaper offer. It is an entirely new machine, built upon an entirely new idea, which has been tested thoroughly, and well. The BLADE warrants it to be all that is claimed for it.

To properly understand this matter we state that it costs the user of a middle-priced machine $32 to have the machine sold to her.

This we shall save to the people.

The Wheelers, Howes, Singers, and other manufacturers of sewing machines have amassed millions upon millions of dollars each, but with all this they have not brought the price a to point that enables one woman in five to own a machine. We propose to have the other four have machines, and better ones than have ever been placed in the homes of the people. This is our mission in the matter of Sewing Machines.

We have built a factory, 200 feet long, and shall have by the first of September 50 men at work, with the best machinery built by ourselves, and our product will be sold to the people at cost with a reasonable percentage of profit added. No middle man will get a penny—what they have exacted heretofore the people will have the benefit of.

Those contemplating the purchase of Sewing Machines, who approve of this plan, will send us their names. These names will be filed in the order of reception, and, when we are ready, descriptive circulars will be mailed. If, after this, the machine is wanted it will be sent on receipt of the price. Those applying first will receive the descriptive circulars first, and their machines first.

The BLADE will send with each machine a written guarantee, and will take the machine back and refund the money paid if it is not in all respects precisely as represented.

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON, EDITOR.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:
1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.
2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.
3. Write only on one side of the paper. Write PLAINLY. Do not interline. Write BRIEFLY.

WOMAN'S WORK.

WHAT CAN SHE DO?

XL.

I do not know as it is necessary to say that before you begin the special study of medicine, you should be able to pass a good examination in English. In fact, that is needed for success in any occupation which requires a considerable degree of information, and especially where the important interests of others are to be intrusted into your hands. Of course I do not mean a collegiate education, but such as can be obtained in the common schools of our country.

Doubtless there are many among you, whose only hesitation in regard to undertaking this work is the expense which must be incurred in order to gain a diploma. This is considerable, I grant you. Not but that there have been those who attained a high standing in the profession, and were penniless to start with, but their difficulties were many, and only an iron will enabled them to be successfully surmounted. One of the best anatomists in the United States began life as a grocery boy, and worked his way without help or encouragement. Among his daily calls was one at the house of a physician, of whom he obtained permission to go into the office, when he had leisure moments, and examine the books and instruments that he found there. Later on, he managed to obtain a situation which gave him his living and left him a few hours each day. Subsisting on a mere nothing, he spent every moment, day and night—hardly allowing himself sleep—in study, picking up facts with all the avidity with which a miser grasps his gold. He went through his college course in the same determined way, pausing at no hardship, dismayed by no difficulty, and he won the prize at which he aimed.

I could tell you of many other instances of the same spirit, loyal to the same object, which brought the victory. It is possible for you, but there is need of measuring your forces most carefully before you begin.

The means required are not large. The first thing to do, if you have the requisite English education, is to get a preceptor, that is, some physician who will take you into his office for a course of reading before entering college. In these days it should not be difficult to find a skilled physician of your own sex who will give you the requisite opportunity. The progress which you make will depend almost entirely upon yourself.

The college course commences about October 1, each year, and continues for five months. The expenses vary slightly in different places, but what I shall give you will be very near the cost. Including college, hospital and anatomical fees, it will reach from $140 to $175 the first term. This counts board and lodging from $3 to $4.50 a week. Should you desire better accommodations than this sum will give you, you must pay more in proportion.

The expenses during the first term is much greater for fees than for the other two, and therefore the sum total will not be near three times that named. Indeed, I am assured that $450 or $500 will cover it all.

Of course you understand that the three terms and the intermediate studying with a preceptor extends over three years. During the last year of reading you will probably be allowed to help your preceptor, and gain some useful experience for yourself by making prescriptions at the office, putting them up, etc.

You must remember that in the sum mentioned, I have not included incidental expenses that must always be provided for. There is also the cost of board while reading with your preceptor.

When you have obtained your diploma you are ready to begin practice. Now is the trying time, unless you are fortunate enough to enter into a partnership with some well-established practitioner. You are a woman—first cause for lack of confidence which you cannot remedy; you may be young—a second fault that time will cure; you are new to the profession—a third objection to employing you, which is not to be wondered at, but which persistent effort and patience will overcome. All of these difficulties may be surmounted, and much more readily and easily now than a few years ago, if you have a genuine love for your profession and a will to work. You must be prepared to receive affronts, to be—in expressive, if not polished parlance,—sat down upon by those who believe women cannot make good physicians, but possess your soul with patience and bide your time. It is an outcome of the same prejudice that prompted a society of German naturalists at Berlin, to vote a few years ago, "to purge itself of the presence of women," a spirit similar to that which moved the formal exclusion of women from the International Medical Congress, held in England four years ago—a motion which, strange to say, was carried out, in the face of all that had been accomplished by those of the sex who had entered the profession. It was declared, at the time, that this was done by wish of the Queen, but if so, it simply proves two things: First, that she is not free from a narrow intolerance unworthy the head of a great nation, and second, that the Queen's wish simply mothered the desire of the majority of those assembled in the Congress, or they would have refused to assent to so unjust and bigoted a proceeding. A few years hence, and such a thing will be impossible.

I can give you no advice as to colleges or universities. You must depend upon your preceptor for that. I only know that there is now no trouble in finding an institution which will open its doors to you. To-day, in this country, women are admitted to the state universities of Michigan and California; they sustain three separate schools—one in New York, one in Philadelphia and one in Chicago—besides being permitted to enter several of the colleges which formerly only admitted males, and to receive instruction in the same classes with the latter. In Europe, they can study at the universities of Paris, Zurich, Berne, Upsala, Leyden, and now, after a long and bitter fight, at that of London and of Dublin. They also have a separate school at St. Petersburg.

One thing more which should have been mentioned farther back. You will remember that I numbered among the qualifications which were necessary was the possession of strong nerves. These must be such as will permit you to go out by midnight as well as by daylight, whenever the occasion arises. Unless you can do this you will fail in general practice. One thing may be said in regard to this for your encouragement: There is hardly a case upon record where a woman physician, going upon her visit to the sick at any hour of the night, has been molested. Part of this immunity arises, no doubt, from the fact that they and their business are generally known, and therefore respected, and part to their own ability to protect themselves. If, however, you are an incurable coward about being out at night, you had better not study to be a physician.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Table Cover.—Get a piece of dark blue felt the size and shape of the top of the square or oblong table—it would not be pretty for a round one—and so that it will hang over the edge 6 ins. Slash the edge up all around to a depth of 3 ins. and at intervals of 2 ins. apart. Point these teeth and pink them all around in small scallops. In every other one work a daisy in gold colored silk. Turn the cloth and work them in pink on the wrong side of the alternate ones. Now turn these up on the right side and fasten them down with a little star in the point. Upon the other points hang a tassel or ball of blue and pink. Cut a fringe out of gold colored felt 4 ins. wide and put it under the points all around, fastening at each corner with a star in pink. Fit the cover at each corner by cutting out a small square, or by slashing it and turning in a piece each side of the cut. Make eyelets on each side of the opening and lace together with small cord.

In order to dispose of a few remaining copies of the last edition of "Fancy Work and House Decoration," after August 6 it will be sent on receipt of 15 cents by Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O.

Whisk-holders.—Some of the prettiest and most serviceable whisk-broom holders are the least expensive. The flat "straw cuff," which is made for this purpose, and can be purchased for a few cents, is entirely transformed and glorified by being gilded and having a few tiny peacock feathers placed upon it. Add a ribbon to hang it by; also pass a bow across the feathers, as if to hold them in place. Palm-leaf fans treated in the same way (gilded and having peacock feathers laid on) are quite effective when placed at the back of a mantelpiece. It is as easy to use the copper tint as the gold, for either may be bought at a trifling cost at any store where artists' materials are sold. Silver and green also may be utilized, and are less common than the gold. Glass bottles, such as are sold for covering with silk, may be gilded or silvered, and, when painted in oils, make a dainty gift.—E. S. B

Hair-Pin Holder.—The pretty little baskets made of twigs of the Norway spruce and offered for sale in many fancy stores can be very easily constructed at home.

Select the new growths of the wood and remove all the bristle-like leaves; the best method for doing this is to heat the pieces quickly, a few at a time, to dry and loosen the leaves, which can then be easily removed by scraping the twigs with a dull knife in the direction of the foliage, but be very careful not to destroy the wood buds.

For the bottom of the basket cut a piece of thin pinewood two inches square, and at each corner take a strip of the spruce five inches in length. The twigs can be rendered so very pliable by steaming them for a few minutes that they can be bent in any desired shape. Join these cornerpieces at the top with four twigs 3¼ inches long, but not quite as thick as those used at the corners. Then tack still smaller twigs on the sides and bottom, as shown in the illustration, and arrange two on the top for a handle. Gild with liquid gilding, or if preferred, leave the twigs their natural color and simply varnish them. Line the box with material corresponding in color with the worsted to be used for the cushion cover. Knit a square with split zephyr in loop stitch; that is, knit one row plain and in the next row wind the zephyr four times around two fingers and knit in, thus making a long full loop with each stitch; the next row to be knit in plain stitch and the one following again in loops, alternating them in this way until you have a piece large enough to cover the top of the holder. Fill the holder with curled hair and sew the cover over it.—*Ladies Floral Cabinet.*

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and s, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; c h sl, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed trouble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Answers.—To the lady who asked how to knit double heel. On the right side: Knit two plain, then seam one; do this clear across. On wrong side: Slip over, knit one, slip over, knit one, clear across. Same every time.

I would like to tell Mrs F. H. C. how to knit a double foot to a stocking. Take off half the stitches on one needle, knit across, take off the first stitch, then knit and slip every other stitch backwards, then knit plain, then knit backwards again; repeat till the foot is long enough.—H. D.

Yoke for Chemise.—Materials: Kerr's Cotton, No. 22; very fine steel crochet hook. Make five chain and join in a circle. 1st row—6 ch (chain); fasten back in sixth stitch of chain, 5 chain; (*a*) one t ch, in circle; 5 chain, and join to second stitch of chain, 1 chain (*a*). Repeat from (*a*) to (*a*) 6 times more; 5 chain; fasten back in first stitch of chain; join with sh c. 2d row—12 chain; 1 t c above the 1st treble of preceding row; (*b*) 7 chain; 1 t in top of next t of 1st round; 7 chain (*b*). Repeat from (*b*) to (*b*) 6 times more. 3d row—1 sh c in each stitch of preceding round. 4th row—2 s c stitches into the 1st 2 chain of preceding row (*c*); 3 sh c into the next 3; 7 chain, fasten with a t c into the top of treble in preceding row; 7 chain, miss 2 foundation-stitches, and repeat from (*c*). 5th row—(*d*) 3 sh c in the 5 chain; 3 chain; fasten back in 1st stitch of chain; these little points are called picots; 2 sh c; 3 chain, and fasten back in 1st stitch of chain; 2 sh c; 3 chain; fasten as before; 2 sh c in the next; 5 chain; 3 sh c; 3 chain; fasten as before; 2 sh c; 3 chain; fasten as before; 3 sh c (*d*). Repeat from (*d*) to (*d*) entire round; break thread and fasten. Make 22 of these wheels, joining them together at the picot. For the bottom, join thread in the 2d p; 1 chain; (*e*) 1 sh c; in next p 1 chain; 1 sh c in next p; 5 chain; 1 long c between the first 2 p's of the same wheel; 13 chain, and fasten in the 4th p of the 2d scollop; 5 chain, and fasten in next wheel; 5 chain, and fasten in the 7th stitch of the 13 chain; 7 ch in; 1 long c in 2 l p of 2d scollop; 5 chain; 1 sh c in 2d p; 1 chain (*e*). Repeat from (*e*) to (*e*) all around; 1 long c; miss 1; 1 chain, all around the bottom. Make the top the same as the bottom, except making the chains two stitches less; 1 row of 1 long; miss 1; 1 chain; all around. Third row—1 long; 4 chain; miss 4; to end, 4th row—1 long stitch; chain 1; miss 1; all around. 5th row—(*f*) 1 long c; 1 p; make 5 long c in same stitch; with 1 p between each stitch; miss 3; 1 sh c (*f*). Repeat from (*f*) to (*f*) entire round. Narrow ribbon may be run through third round. The sleeves are made in same manner. Seven wheels for each sleeve.—*Dorcas.*

Correspondence.

Being an old subscriber of the BLADE, and of course an interested one, I have thought a good many times I would write something for the HOUSEHOLD, but have always been afraid my article would be so inferior compared with the rest, that my heart has failed me every time. I have been interested in the letters in the BLADE, but especially the HOUSEHOLD, and always after a glance at the first page am sure to turn to the HOUSEHOLD. Some one writes for more information in regard to raising canaries. I would say I have had considerable experience myself, and have had very good luck. My house now is full of the song of birds, and my husband says nothing cheers him more after a hard day's work than to come into the house and hear birds singing, particularly in winters, when everything outdoors is cold and gloomy. If any one wants instructions about raising canaries, I will gladly tell them my method through the HOUSEHOLD. We live way out here in sunny Kansas, but Ohio is my native state, and my dear old home is near Marietta. I get terribly homesick sometimes, but a mother with four stout, healthy children has enough to fill up every moment; besides in the months of May and June I am a terrible sufferer from asthma. I will not dare to write any more now, but if I am not entirely rejected I may come again, and hope to find something more interesting.—MRS. COPELAND, Wamego, Pottawatomi County, Kansas.

WHAT A PENNSYLVANIAN THINKS OF THE HOUSEHOLD.—I am a stranger, but I wish to enter the HOUSEHOLD and become acquainted. I think I've been missing a great deal by staying out so long. I guess I've been somewhat selfish, too, in not telling you have much I've enjoyed your communications; yes, and been benefited, too. Some one says we made more easy by a friendly, helping hand, say so. Speak out bravely, truly, ere the darkness veil the land. Should a brother workman, dear, falter for a word of cheer." The intention of this department, as I understand, is to provide an avenue for "Whosoever will" to contribute his mite either asking for information in regard to something in which he is interested, or replying to inquiries which he feels competent to answer. I consider the HOUSEHOLD department of the BLADE worth the price of the paper, though while commending this, I would not have you infer that I seek to detract one iota from the just fame of the other columns.

"Woman's Work. What Can She Do?" is a subject of most practical interest. It is practical because it is one which intelligence together with necessity has brought forcibly to the minds of the women of the United States, and I, no doubt, with hundreds of my sisters who are readers of the BLADE, take great interest in the able treatment of this subject in the many new and original ideas which are advanced by the sensible and talented editor of the HOUSEHOLD, viz: Miss Emily S. Bouton.

A short time ago I saw this announcement in a paper, "Wanted—One million strong healthy girls to do general housework." I was not surprised at that announcement, for that want is pretty general as far as I can gather, and I believe will continue until competent "hired girls" are paid the wages which rightly are theirs and which the advanced rates in other occupations offer and they accept. Yes, and this want will be felt, too, until the narrow-minded, unchristian feeling which debars the "hired girl," however refined she may be, from associating on a perfect equality with the family, just because she is "hired help," be done away with.

But I beg pardon—I am away from my subject; so will humbly leave your presence and call again in the near future. Some one in the HOUSEHOLD advocates the idea of signing our real name. That corresponds with my sentiments, and although I havn't a great name like Washington or Benjamin Franklin, etc, you shall know it.—EMMA SAMMOUS, Aleppo, Greene Co., Pa.

MY OPINIONS.—In your issue of July 2, I find a communication signed "Discouraged Teacher," asking for the opinions of some other teachers about teaching new beginners in reading. My plan has been to use charts. If there are none in the school-room I use the blackboard in the following way: First, with those that do not know the alphabet, I take some name of an object with which they are familiar and teach them the name of the word at the same time I do the letters composing that word. I commence with words of one syllable, and give longer ones as they become familiar with the different letters, until they can use the First Reader, and then have very little more trouble with them. In regard to suppressing whispering, I can't agree with her, that giving perfect marks by letting each pupil report for himself, is not causing them to lie. In an experience in the school room of ten years it has been my opinion that it causes more lies to be told than it does good. I do not mean to say that it will make all pupils tell lies about it, for there are some in all schools that would not do so under any circumstances. But it has been my experience, in 24 terms, that some will lie if they think there is anything to be gained by it, and the teacher don't find it out and the teacher can't always tell whether they lie or not.

My plan has been, in most of my schools, to give (at the beginning of a term) but one rule, and that is simply: "Do Right." I tell them that I think that they know just about what is right and what is wrong, and that I will not tell them what I will do in case of wrong-doing, but leave that matter until it is needed. I also tell them that in cases where it is necessary to whisper, that if they ask permission, stating what they wish to whisper about, they will get the required permission. This last year, in a term of seven months, out of fifty-seven pupils, I had only one who gave me any trouble in any way, and he was brought up by his parents to believe that a teacher dare not punish him; if he did, "the old man" would attend to the teacher. By the way, he decided that the climate in that particular school room did not agree with his health, and left for more congenial quarters.

I would like to hear from some one on the subject of teaching grammar, the best manner of presenting it to the pupil so as to make it interesting to them.—J. P.

SEVERAL THINGS.—In "Self-Supporting Girls," I see the assertion that a girl of 13 cannot decide what she will be. This is true in many cases but not all. At 3 years of age I decided to be a teacher, at 8 I helped our teacher in a crowded subscription school, and at 14 began my life work, and am now in my fifteenth year in the profession. Have a primary school in a town where they are sensible enough to recognize the importance of primary work.

Fannie Morass, didn't the printer make *pi* of your letter? Am anxious to know the color of the first wool, as I have been looking for something like it for a long time.

Here's a pretty affair: Take a chalk, cigar or any similar box, and cover outside with black velvet; inside, crimson plush; cover lid the same; cross-stitch edges and corners with gold or scarlet silk. Fasten lid with piece of ribbon to match; put a loop of ribbon and a pretty button or bead in front for luck; take four spools, same size; cover and tie the ribbon, yarn or silk in the middle where spool is narrow, nail to the box for feet. If for a sewing box put a long pocket at one side for scissors, one opposite for buttons, a cushion at one end for needles and pins, a pocket at the other for thimble, etc. Paste some of the pretty embossed pictures outside and inside of the lid, where they can brighten it up or hide defects. In this way old material can be used. They are nice for holding shaving apparatus, too. Old velvet can be renovated for the lining by putting a damp cloth over iron, and drawing the velvet slowly over it with pile up, the steam will raise the pile. Crazy patchwork will do, too.

To "Christian Mother" the editor gave good advice, but here is more: Use ammonia as directed and thoroughly wash the hands before retiring; scouring with cornmeal if necessary to get dirt out of chapped places or creases. Rub well with vaseline, three boxes for 25 cents. Use one kind of soap; changing soap is injurious. Cocoa soap is the best cheap soap that I know of, but I prefer Cuticura to any that I have ever used. Cheap soap don't pay.—WOODMOSS.

THE GULF BREEZE.—I noticed in the good old BLADE of May 14 that some one has tried to explain the Gulf breeze in Louisiana. In doing so, they made a bad mistake; for our Gulf breezes are not heavy winds, as some suppose, but a cool, gentle, refreshing breeze, which all highly appreciate who come here, and people are constantly coming and making this their homes.

Our Gulf breezes are not the winds which tans a person, but the dry north and northeast winds.

During our hottest weather we are seldom without a little breeze through the day, and we are not troubled with the still sultry heat of the North.

We are 40 miles from the gulf, in southwestern Louisana, where is to be found the most even climate in the states. Extreme heat in mid summer, is 95°, extreme cold in winter, 22° above. Our nights are always cool, no matter how hot the days, so that one can always rest well. I have spent 24 years in different parts of the North, but in no place have I found a country so well adapted to the wants of the industrious person, as southwestern Louisiana.

My experience and observations shows me that this country is cooler in summer, and more healthy than the North.—R. S. STODDARD, Jennings, Louisiana.

SMILES AND TEARS.—Do we ever think how very few lives there are into which the sunlight of happiness sheds its brightest rays? And how small is the number who seem to know how far a pleasant greeting or a bright smile, goes toward lighting up a darkened life; or how a friendly clasp of the hand infuses new life into the fainting frame, dispels that sense of loneliness, mean which but now the soul was weighed down, and inspires our hearts with courage for renewed effort in the conflict before us. As the plant, grown in some darkened recess, unkissed by heavens sunlight, will not reach fruition, so man, robbed of the sweet spirit of content, may never become that rounded, perfected being that God in his creative wisdom designed. He may possess a mind capable of the deepest researches, become a sage before whose wisdom all others may bow, but there will be that in his speaking and writing which tells of a joyless life, and casts a shadow over the minds of listeners or readers. Neither is he wholly responsible, for our lives are molded more by that which surrounds, than by that which is within us. We are each in a measure responsible for the lives of those with whom we come in contact. Which do you cause oftenest on the face of your friend, a smile or a frown? Is your presence a source of delight, and is your coming looked forward to with eager anticipation? Most surely we are our brother's keeper, and each one is responsible if the burden that is weighing down the heart, and crushing out the brightness of some life around us is not lifted and genial sunlight flood the melancholy mind.—EDELWEISS.

Inquiries.

Will some reader of the BLADE be kind enough to send through the columns of the BLADE a recipe for cream light bread such as we get of the baker?—V. P.

Will some reader of the BLADE tell how to remove warts from the hands?—MRS. L. A. F.

Will someone of the readers of the BLADE tell me something which will destroy the green worms that are so destructive to young cabbage?—A READER.

In "Jennies" recipe for canning corn in the BLADE, of July 2, she does not say how long the corn should be boiled. Would she please let me know through the BLADE?

Will some kind reader of the HOUSEHOLD tell me what to use to keep my teeth clean and white?—MONNAH THE INDIAN.

Will some one give directions for crocheting an infant's boot, also for knitting mittens on two needles?—MAY.

Will some member of the HOUSEHOLD send a recipe telling how to make delicious jumbles?—S. B.

Will some one tell how to make starch that will leave a gloss on linen?—E. L. K.

Will some one of the readers of the BLADE tell me how to put up cucumbers so they will be sour and keep their natural color?—FANNIE A. NELSON.

Will some of the BLADE readers please tell me what kind of net is used for darned lace; also the number of floss used?—MRS. J. HOTCHKISS.

Will the editor please tell us if there would be much profit in growing herbs for market? Would there be danger of ladies dosing their family too much? Also, will you please tell me if there is any danger of old feather beds, pillows and quilts that are never washed, breeding disease among children?—O. E. N.

Without any doubt there is such danger. Some other time we will tell you why.—ED.

Will some kind reader of the HOUSEHOLD send a recipe to make oat meal crackers, and tell how to make raised work on canvas, and also what is used in making white powder to do stamping on black cloth?—MRS. JOSEPHINE O. FENWICK.

Will the HOUSEHOLD please give a known and reliable method for preserving eggs; also tell what the German method is?—F. M. STRATTON.

Will someone tell me through the BLADE how to clean a light tan-colored leather belt without injury to the color or leather; also, if jerseys are worn and are considered fashionable yet?—KATIE M.

I have looked in vain for a reply to the query in the HOUSEHOLD department, whether salicylic acid was injurious in its effects as used in canning fruits? Others beside myself would like to know. Will Miss Bouton be kind enough to give us the desired information?—A. R. S.

It is a matter hard to decide, from any known results. Personally we should dislike to use a great deal of it. Aside from possible ill effects upon the health, it destroys the flavor of many kinds of fruit. We will give the subject some attention and speak of it hereafter.—ED.

Can any of the many readers of the BLADE tell me how I can make lace curtains look fresh and clean? They are only gray or streaked in places and they will never look as well after they are washed (however careful they are washed.) Would like to have someone tell me how to take the streaks out without washing?—MRS. L. P.

Will some one tell me through the BLADE how to make graham gems?—NOVICE HOUSEKEEPER.

Will "Mrs. D." please tell through the BLADE, what wool over means, in her narrow knitted edge?—MRS. EMMA MCNEES.

Can any one let us know through the BLADE about government land in Nebraska? Would like to know at once, as there are many here who want to go west this fall. Want to go where corn can be raised, and where there is plenty of water.—S. D. ANDERSEN.

Answers to Inquiries.

Sweet-oil will remove finger-marks from varnished furniture, and kerosene from oiled furniture.—R. D.

If Mary Tipp will take the inner bark of the white oak tree, steep it, and apply two or three times a day, I am sure it will help her boy's face. If "Milliner" will steam her feathers over sweetened water, then curl each fibre with a penknife by drawing on the under side, I am sure it will stay.

In answer to E. E. Murry, in BLADE of July 16: The catbird can be easily tamed, possibly easier than any other wild bird. I have caught and tamed several, and have had them receive food from my pupils as to make it nothing strange to them.—J. P.

To the Gentleman Wanting a Recipe for Cooking Oat Meal.—To three pints of cold water take one cupful of oatmeal, set the pail in a kettle with two quarts of hot water, let it boil slowly for a half day, add water in the kettle as it boils away; keep it covered.—MISS W. L.

Blackberry Shortcake.—Make the cake in the usual way, mash two quarts of blackberries and sweeten with a teacupful of sugar. They are now ready for the cake. Spread a layer between the cakes and one on top. If the cake is nice this is excellent. —N. A.

Disinfectant.—Take of sal soda (common washing soda) 1¾ lbs.; chloride of lime, 1¾ lbs. Mix the lime thoroughly with 1 qt. of cold water in a stone jar with a tight-fitting lid, then dissolve the soda in 1 qt. of boiling water and add to the chloride of lime in the jar. Cover well and when cold add 6 qts. of cold water. Stir up and strain through muslin and keep in tightly corked jugs. The cost of this quantity should not exceed 25 cts. It slowly evolves chlorine gas and hence its value as a germ destroyer. This will not injure white clothing in the least.

To disinfect clothes ready for washing.—Pour hot water in a tub, then put in the solution. When it gives off gas that cannot be breathed that will be a sufficient quantity. Throw in the clothing, cover up and let stand until the next day, when they can be washed without danger of infection. To disinfect rooms burn sulphur in them. Close the windows and doors tightly and burn the sulphur in an iron or earthen dish. —MISS L.

Old fashioned Gingerbread—One teacupful butter, yolks of four eggs, two tablespoonfuls of ginger, two of sugar, one teaspoonful of soda. Mix soft with flour, and bake in a well heated but not hot oven.

Gingerbread without Milk or Eggs.—Put one teaspoonful of soda in a coffee cup, add five tablespoonfuls hot water, four of melted shortening, and fill the cup with molasses. This makes one tin. Put a heaped teaspoonful of ginger in the flour and make it stiffer than if eggs were used. This makes good snaps.—MRS. M. S. FERRIS.

Our Young Folks.

THE CHICKENS.

Said the first little chicken,
With a queer little squirm,
"I wish I could find
A fat little worm."

Said the next little chicken,
With an odd little shrug,
"I wish I could find
A fat little bug."

Said the third little chicken,
With a sharp little squeal,
"I wish I could find
Some nice young meal."

Said the fourth little chicken,
With a small sigh of grief,
"I wish I could find
A green little leaf."

Said the fifth little chicken,
With a faint little moan,
"I wish I could find
A wee gravel stone."

"Now, see here," said the mother
From the green-garden patch:
"If you want any breakfast,
Just come here and scratch."

—*The Sunbeam.*

A DAY AT THE SHORE.

MRS. S. C. STONE.

Berry and Breezy were at play in the sand-bank when they heard their father calling them.

They had been building a town, with streets and squares all nicely laid out, ready for the buildings which lay piled up, just at hand, and which consisted of various bits of bricks and rocks and stone.

No doubt it would have been a very magnificent city if it had lived to be built, but as soon as Berry and Breezy tried to hop upon their feet, children and city crumbled together, and together rolled in ruins to the bottom of the hill.

But then, they were used to it. That was the way they usually descended from their sand-bank—by catching a ride with any convenient heap of sand, which, like a train of cars, stood always just ready to start.

The children having thus arrived at the foot of their hill, continued their flight toward the house.

Berry, the boy, boy-like, clamored over the fence, to conclude his descent on the other side upon Breezy's head, who, girl-like, had clambered under it, and who presented her bonnet just in time to be stepped upon.

But they didn't mind it! That was the way they usually did it.

After they had giggled sufficiently, and picked themselves up enough, they ran on.

"Mother wavis to go to the shore to-day," was the delightful greeting that met them at the door. "So up garret with you, and hunt up your last year's bathing-clothes! Be quick, now!"

"What bag are they in?" said Breezy, for Berry was already gone.

She met him coming down again on the top of his head, after she had received due directions from her mother to look for a pink bag, with a label on it that began, "B-a-B-a!" for "*Bathing* Clothes."

"Don't stop to laugh, you'll make me forget!" said Breezy to Berry, very solemnly, as Berry thus came down upon her suddenly, with his ideas wrong side up, to recover himself as quickly, and to sit smiling at her in a very foolish and one-sided fashion.

"Come on, now," she commanded, "and help me find the B-a bag. They're in there, mamma says."

"All right!" said Berry, scrambling up with alacrity. "I remember now that was what I was coming down for—to ask!" and he went ahead, as he always did, spatting all the way up the stairs with both hands and feet, like a cat.

"Don't be so noisy, Berry!" insisted Breezy, with dignity. "You spoil my think."

"Oh, I'll think for you. B-a, ba! B-a, ba!"

"Here it is!" cried both children, joyfully, as they pounced simultaneously upon a faded pink bag, hanging sleepily upon its winter's nail.

How they reached the shore, and how they pinched themselves into those once respectable garments, which were now too short one way and too narrow the other, would take too long in the telling.

It is enough that at last, having left mamma and baby in the grove, they were picking their way, with bare ankles and toes, over the rough pebbles and prickly sedge, to a point of rocks that jutted out into the water.

Each had a tight hold of one of papa's hands, and as the unpleasantness of having to thus depriving him of the use of those members, Berry lugged his clam-basket, and Breezy carried his digger.

It was low water now, and when they had climbed down the steep face of the rock, crunching the barnacles as they did so under their little bald reluctant toes, they stepped upon a long sandy strip, or bar, that at this stage of the tide connected the main land with a rocky island further out.

Along this they trudged, Breezy squealing every few moments at sight of a star-fish, with its five jewelled points crusted with very prickly-looking little spines. She did not squeal because she had stepped on one, but because she might hurt so very dreadfully if she should!

On the island was a grove of stunted cedars, with tables dotted around here and there, amid a very discouraged-looking growth of samphire. Here Mr. Bright, their father, let them play hide and seek, to clamber about over the rocks, or to paddle in the water on the bar, as best they liked, while he went off into deeper water clamming.

How long they had played there, with the warm breezes blowing through their wet clothes, they did not know until they saw their father returning and hastening towards them with a loud, "Whew-w-w!"

Then they looked and saw that the bar had already disappeared.

"Hurry, children! Hurry! Or we shall be cut off! I didn't think it was so late!"

"I'm afraid," whimpered Breezy, while Berry, who didn't exactly like the look of things, began measuring his own diminutive height with his eye.

"It's pretty deep out there," said he, with a reflective shudder. "Most over our heads, I guess!"

"Yes, it is!" said his father, anxiously. "But come on! We must get over there somehow, and it is deepening every moment!"

"But we can't swim, papa," wailed Breezy, thoroughly frightened, "and we shall all be drowned, and never see mamma or baby any more!"

"Do just as I say, and trust to me," said Mr. Bright, hastily.

On they trudged; spatting along in the shallow water at first, that curled up to them in such smiling little dimples! Just as if it was not so dreadful and deep out beyond!

At last they came to a point that was really a channel, now full of a black and swiftly running current.

"Ugh!" screamed Breezy. "It's horrid!"

"Now if it wasn't so really, awfully true," said Berry, "wouldn't it be fun to play we're crossing the Red Sea?"

"Oh, let's!" moved Breezy; as if this was a ray of solid comfort, in a dark hour. "Only we must be the Risrylites, of course."

"And you'll be the Moses, papa. And you'll get us over all right, won't you?"

"Of course he will, if we look out and mind him," stoutly asserted Breezy.

The children, amused by their prattle, had hardly realized that the water was already up to their chins as they were steadily advanced through it, until their father said, "Here! Catch hold of a shoulder, and my collar now, each of you! And don't be frightened when you begin to float. Only, hold on—and keep still—till I say—'all right,'—then you can drop your feet again. Now then—ready?"

"Yes! Yes!" were the trembling answers as the children called up all their faith, and shut their eyes, that they might not see the rushing, swallowing waters they were being borne through.

A few long strides through waves that gurgled high around Mr. Bright's neck and ears, and they were safely over, and wading out to the rocks on the other end of the neck.

"I wouldn't like to do that again! There was hardly an inch to spare!" exclaimed the children's Moses as he blew and shook the water out of his eyes, nose and ears. "Now I should just like to know how it happened that I was caught in this way. I thought I gave myself plenty of time!"

"O papa, see! your basket of clams! Way out there, getting swallowed up like Pharaoh!"

"Well, I couldn't help it," said papa, drily. "I found I had to leave either the clams or the children, and I concluded it had better be the clams! but we can go back there and exchange now, if you want to!"

"Oh no, no!" expostulated Berry and Breezy, eagerly. "Let's go and tell mamma how we were drowned!"

"But," said Berry, "if we were really drowned, we couldn't tell her, you see!"

"Well, *most* drowned, then!" corrected Breezy, and off they ran.

Soon, clothed in dry garments, and gathered under a spreading tree, around a very inviting basket of lunch, with the foam beating up from the ledge of rocks below, and showering them with a flying spray of kisses, the children felt how good it was to be here safe and sound again, after a passage of such vivid and actual dangers.

"I know just how the Risrylites felt, now," said Breezy, "after they got over! I feel just as thankful! and I mean to be real good after this. I don't mean to go to sliding backwards, as they did, anyhow!"

"On our sand-bank, do you mean?" inquired Berry, touched in a tender spot.

"Oh no! inside of me, I mean."

"But how can you slide backwards inside of yourself?" asked Berry, anxiously.

"Well, the Risrylites did, and it was wicked too! Now let's play with baby." And in a moment all three children were rolling about in the grass, shrieking with laughter and fun and frolic.

With the setting sun they all went home, all consciously thankful of the delight of being safe.—*Youth's Companion.*

COASTING IN AUGUST.

It was on the afternoon of the very warmest day in August that the children came running to me crying:

"There are some boys and girls from the village out on the hill, and some from the hotel on the mountain, and they have brought their sleds."

It seemed such a puzzle to me, that I rose and went out to see what was going on.

When I reached the spacious balcony, I was almost convinced that the whole valley had been bewitched.

There were gathered at least twenty children and half a dozen sleds. The boys were dragging the sleds up the steep slope of the hill-side that rose from the road in front of the house, while the girls followed as well as they could.

It was not by any means an easy feat to climb this slope.

Though at a casual glance it seemed as soft and velvety as a well kept lawn, it was to the unwary a delusion and a snare. The midsummer sun shines down upon the Adirondack mountains with as much ardor as on the city streets. Though the nights are cool, frequently cold, there are no dews, and usually but little rain. So the short thick grass that grows abundantly upon the sides of the lesser mountains, or, more properly speaking, the foot-hills, becomes somewhat parched and smooth, and as slippery as ice. The children then, had before them quite an amount of hard walking, but those children were like mountain-goats, hardy, willing, and able to climb anything.

I watched them with interest. At last the top was reached. Then the sleds were turned upside down, and the runners were rubbed copiously with *candles;* this completed, the sleds were put in proper position again, three children seated themselves upon each, and a gentle push started them down the slope.

How swiftly they came! The slope was steep but smooth; not a rock, stump, or stone on its surface; there was no danger, and the sleds stopped on the sandy road.

For many long hours this colony of children coasted—till the grass was worn almost to the roots, and the supply of tallow (which is indispensable for this midsummer coasting) was exhausted.

After all the little ones were weary, we older people joined in the fun. I own to having made the descent but once,—that was quite enough for me.

I never before had heard of this novel amusement; but, startling as it seemed at first, the novelty soon wore away, and I became quite accustomed to the sight and sounds of coasting in midsummer.—*St Nicholas.*

HORATIUS.

G. B. FOSTER.

"Who can tell me about Horatius? and and what he did that made his name famous through so many centuries?"

These questions were asked of a bright, wide-awake history class of boys and girls out of school.

"Horatius! why, he was a Roman," answered one.

Another added that "he was a soldier;" while a third said that "he was that man who had only one eye."

Yes, that is all very true. Horatius *was* a Roman; he *was* a soldier; and he was so unfortunate in his early years as to lose one of his eyes. It was on account of this fact that he was called Horatius Cocles, which means Horatius with only one, or a single eye.

But there is something else which has made his name famous and honored. There were hundreds and thousands of other Roman soldiers who fought in the same battles in which Horatius fought, whose names are not even recorded in history.

"Oh! I know," said a bright little girl, "it was Horatius who fought at the bridge, and saved the Roman people."

That is it. It was his brave, gallant deed which made him an object of love and devotion to the Roman people; his self sacrificing heroism that has made him one of the heroes of history.

Don't you remember the story?

Rome was then in very great danger as a nation, for it was being shaken by internal dissensions, such as it had never known before. Tarquinius Superbus had been deposed and driven from the city on account of his cruel and wicked tyranny. Of course he wished to return to Rome and regain his lost throne, and he found it easy to get rich and powerful kings who were anxious to help him in his efforts, since in those days war was the all-absorbing occupation of the people, and a man who could not fight was not thought to be much of a man.

Well, Tarquinius gathered his forces and marched on to Rome, feeling sure of gaining a victory with their hundreds and thousands of brave and well-armed soldiers. Rome was strongly fortified on all sides, but there was a bridge over the river Tiber, and over this the advancing hosts hoped to enter and take the city.

The Roman soldiers terrified and overpowered by the superior strength of the enemy kept retreating within the fortifications of the city. But there was one man whose bravery did not desert him in this hour of trying need. That man was Horatius. Moved neither by the cowardly cries of his retreating comrades, nor by the threatening front of the advancing foe, he strode boldly forth to the entrance of the bridge and gallantly dared the enemy to come on. One against hundreds! He called to his comrades to tear down the bridge in order that all access to the bridge might be cut off.

The enemy at first stopped, then with mighty force pressed onward.

Horatius fought them back until the bridge was destroyed, then jumping into the Tiber he swam to the other side, escaping with only a few wounds. The Roman people erected a brazen statue in his honor for this brave deed.

Now, what do we learn from the story of the brave Horatius? Many things. Horatius fought to defend the fair city of Rome against the invading forces of allied enemies; so each one of us should fight to defend the fair city which is entrusted to our care—the healthy mind and body—against the countless besetting sins and temptations more numerous than the soldiers of Tarquinius and Lars Porsena. Horatius was stationed to defend the bridge and he did so.

If he had been running about here and there to see what others were doing, fighting a little while, then running over to Rome to see what was the state of things there, and on his way back stopping to help tear down the bridge, it would be easy for us to see what would have been the result. He saw what his duty was and did it. He

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions relative to and also the communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the sheet only, and never ought to be sent about with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

Answers to Inquiries.

TO KILL STUMPS.—In the BLADE of July 30, S. P. M., Henry county, asks for some way to kill stumps, so they will not sprout. If he will take an inch auger and bore a hole six or eight inches deep in the top of stump and fill it with coarse salt, it will kill stumps and all sprouts coming up from the roots. For large stumps two or three holes are better. Try, and report. I have killed Paradise trees, root and branch, with salt.—J. F. L, West Chester, Pa.

TO KILL SLUGS.—Two or three weeks ago, a lady asked in the BLADE for a remedy to kill slugs on rose bushes. If she will collect some dust from the common road, and in the morning when the dew is on the bushes dust it on and under the leaves, as soon as she sees any marks of their eating the leaves, which is about the time the color of the leaves shows itself through the buds, it will kill them. I always keep some in a keg or box in a dry place ready for use. If one dose don't kill all of them, apply the second time. I have used it for four or five years.—J. F. L

IT IS BENEFICIAL.—In answer to the inquiry of Thos. Keenan, Erie, Tenn., in the BLADE of June 25, I would say that the growing of rye is very beneficial to the soil and that clover does exceedingly well with rye. Put in one and one-half bushels of rye to sown to the acre, and in the spring when just beginning to head out be plowed under about five or six inches deep, it will improve the soil fully as much as would 25 wagon loads of stable manure.—D. C. ASHBAUGH, Girard, Ill.

Information Wanted.

CRANBERRY CULTURE.—I wish to know something about cranberry culture. Will you give me through the BLADE the average cost per acre of planting and production, and any other information that may properly belong to the subject, and also where can I get a work on the same? [If you wish to engage in cranberry culture your best plan is to get as widely informed as possible. This may be done by writing to T. J. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo, for the book called "Cranberry Culture," by Joseph White. Price $1.25. Cranberries thrive best in wet, peaty soil, but will grow on almost any land by giving it a top dressing of peat or bog, or swamp earth. As soon as such ground can be brought into tillable condition, get plants that were produced from layers of the last season, and set them out in rows about two feet apart; they will soon cover the ground with their runners, which, on being hoed, will produce an abundance of plants well suited for additional plantations in succeeding years.—ED.]

ASPARAGUS BED.—Will the editor or some reader of the BLADE please tell me how to make an asparagus bed, and oblige —GEORGE DAVIS, Hinesburgo, Vermont. [See WEEKLY BLADE, June 11.—ED.]

STRAWBERRY AND RASPBERRY PLANTS.—I want to know what season of the year is best to transplant strawberry and raspberry plants, and mode of treatment. Should believes necessarily front any particular point of the compass?—W. H. Jones, Middleport, O. [Regarding strawberries, see WEEKLY BLADE, July 9. As to raspberries, the varieties can be perpetuated by young sucker shoots, rising plenteously from the root in spring and summer. When these have completed one season's growth, they are proper to detach with roots for planting, either in the autumn of the same year, or the next spring, in March or early in April. The larger sucker heads will produce fruit the first year, and furnish a succession of strong bottom shoots for full bearing the second season New varieties are raised from seed, and they come into bearing the second year. Some of the American species are cultivated by layers, which produce fruit the same year.

Raspberry beds are in their prime about the third and fourth year; and, if well managed, continue in perfection five or six years, after which they are apt to decline in growth, and the fruit to become small, so that a successive plantation should be provided in time. Select new plants from vigorous stools in full perfection as to bearing. Be careful to favor the twice bearers with a good mellow soil, in a sheltered situation, in order that the second crop may come to perfection.

When raspberries are cultivated on a large scale, it is best to plan them in beds by themselves, in rows from five to seven feet apart, according to the kinds. In small gardens they may be planted in detached stools, or at the sides or other fruit parts of the garden, from the most sunny to the most shady aspect, for early and late fruit of improved growth and flavor. It is requisite to cut out the dead stems early in the spring, and to thin and regulate the successional young shoots. At the same time, the shoots retained should be pruned at the top, below the weak bending part, and some thinning worked in around the roots of the plants. Keep them clear of weeds during the summer, by hoeing between the rows, and eradicate all superfluous suckers; but be careful to retain enough for stock in succeeding years.

Many people prefer to have the front of the hives toward the East.—ED.]

Poison.

Paris green is so deadly a poison that some persons think it should never be used in killing the potato bug. Some go so far as to refuse eating potatoes altogether since it is so commonly employed. A few promise at journals favor its prohibition by law. It cannot be questioned that serious injury, and sometimes fatal results, have occurred from employing it. Those who apply it are often careless, and allow the wind to blow the dust into their nostrils, or they breathe the minute portions which rise in the air in mixing it. In one case a poor fence between a pasture and potato patch allowed a herd of cows to break in, and several died from eating the poison. Animals have been poisoned from the vessels containing the arsenic, carelessly used for feeding. A field of potatoes on the windward side of a vegetable garden caused some of a family to become poisoned by eating the vegetables which had received some of the Paris green from the wind.

Such accidents, although few and far between, show the importance of great caution. The same care is required in the use of powerful appliances of machinery of any kind. Steam engines sometimes destroy life, but men continue to make and use them. Fatal accidents occur on railroads, but we are hardly willing to abolish them. Barbed-wire fences injure cattle and horses, but they have proved too useful and efficient for farmers to give them up. There is no necessity for accidents from Paris green with proper care. Millions of persons eat the tubers of potatoes unharmed, being insoluble, cannot enter them, and there is enough iron, the antidote, in all soils to neutralize any portion which may reach the earth. The chief danger is, that when people become familiar with anything, they grow careless in its use. It is important, therefore, to continue the constant caution which is commonly used at first, but too often relaxed afterward.—*Country Gentleman.*

Kill the Old Fowls.

London *Live Stock Journal* puts it this way: A mistake often made by poultry keepers is that they keep their birds too long. A capital rule, which should always be followed by those who desire plenty of eggs, is to kill the birds off when about two and a half years old. Some prefer their being killed a year earlier than that, and upon large farms that can be no question that this is the better plan, but where the hens have to be bought they need not be disposed of before two and a half years. Supposing ten birds are kept, the five oldest can be killed every autumn, and five pullets bought to take their places, this being done every year. Thus a supply of eggs can be kept up, which can not be done if the birds are retained at greater ages. There is also another reason for this plan—namely, that as two and a half years old a hen is generally quite passable for eating which can not be said later on. There is every advantage in taking the course suggested.

Dressing and Preparing Poultry for Market.

There are many different ways of dressing and preparing poultry for market. In regard to plucking poultry easily without scalding—which process is so common in the West—it is much better to hang the fowl by the feet by a small cord; then with a small knife give one cut across the upper jaw, opposite the corner of the mouth; after the blood has stopped running a stream, place the point of the knife in the groove in the upper part of the mouth, run the blade up into the back part of the head, which will cause a quivering and twitching of the muscle; now is your time, for every feather yields as if by magic, and there is no danger of tearing the most tender chick; before he attempts to flap you have him as bare as before the day he came out of the shell. As this practice requires some skill, we cannot expect it to become universal, hence, to pluck fowls with the least labor, the scalding process has become general. The inwards should be removed and the cavity thoroughly washed with cold water. No blood should be suffered to remain on the chicken. Neatness must be observed at every stage in dressing. The head should be removed, but it is better to let the feet remain, simply as a convenience in handling. Much of the poultry that comes to market is prepared and dressed in such a careless and untidy manner that it is difficult to sell it at any price. When circumstances will permit, it is better to market it before it is frozen. If this is not practicable, place it where it can be frozen and where it will remain so, because freezing and thawing injures it materially. In the Northwest, as a general rule, poultry at this season of the year is fat and in good condition for the market. The corn and wheat fields are so numerous in which the poultry has the range, that there is no use to feed for market. It is not the quality that causes low prices of poultry in our markets; it is the condition in which it is offered. If properly prepared and neatly dressed a ready sale is always found. On the other hand, if slovenly prepared, it won't sell at all. It matters not how fat it may be, no one wants it.—N. E. HOMESTEAD.

Garget.

I see in the last number of your boss paper a remedy for the garget. Having had considerable experience with that disease, I would like to give to the *Farm, Field and Stockman* a very simple and effectual remedy, which I have used and prescribed for the past eighteen years without knowing of one failure. It is raw linseed oil applied, to part affected with the hand, rubbing it in well. Use plenty of oil and rub in with the hand 15 or 20 minutes. I always keep the oil on hand, and have cured a case with two applications where one-half the udder felt like stone and nothing could be got out of it but bloody curd. In cases of long standing the cow should have a thorough physic. For this I use one hand ul of sooke root or poke-weed root, cut very fine in bran mash, for three successive mornings, then skip three, and so on till I have given it nine times.

Bee Culture as a National Industry.

Among the recent industries of rapid growth in this country, bee culture stands prominent. It, of course, as a homely art, properly belong to the subject, and also where can I get a work on the same? [If you wish to engage in cranberry culture your best plan is to get as widely informed as possible. This may be done by writing to T. J. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo, for the book called "Cranberry Culture," by Joseph White. Price $1.25. Cranberries thrive best in wet, peaty soil, but will grow on almost any land by giving it a top dressing of peat or bog, or swamp earth. As soon as such ground can be brought into tillable condition, get plants that were produced from layers of the last season, and set them out in rows about two feet apart; they will soon cover the ground with their runners, which, on being hoed, will produce an abundance of plants well suited for additional plantations in succeeding years.—ED.]

ASPARAGUS BED.—Will the editor or some reader of the BLADE please tell me how to make an asparagus bed, and oblige —GEORGE DAVIS, Hinesburgo, Vermont. [See WEEKLY BLADE, June 11.—ED.]

STRAWBERRY AND RASPBERRY PLANTS.—I want to know what season of the year is best to transplant strawberry and raspberry plants, and mode of treatment. Should believes necessarily front any particular point of the compass?—W. H. Jones, Middleport, O. [Regarding strawberries, see WEEKLY BLADE, July 9. As to raspberries, the varieties can be perpetuated by young sucker shoots, rising plenteously from the root in spring and summer. When these have completed one season's growth, they are proper to detach with roots for planting, either in the autumn of the same year, or the next spring, in March or early in April. The larger sucker heads will produce fruit the first year, and furnish a succession of strong bottom shoots for full bearing the second season New varieties are raised from seed, and they come into bearing the second year. Some of the American species are cultivated by layers, which produce fruit the same year.

Raspberry beds are in their prime about the third and fourth year; and, if well managed, continue in perfection five or six years, after which they are apt to decline in growth, and the fruit to become small, so that a successive plantation should be provided in time. Select new plants from vigorous stools in full perfection as to bearing. Be careful to favor the twice bearers with a good mellow soil, in a sheltered situation, in order that the second crop may come to perfection.

When raspberries are cultivated on a large scale, it is best to plan them in beds by themselves, in rows from five to seven feet apart, according to the kinds. In small gardens they may be planted in detached stools, or at the sides or other fruit parts of the garden, from the most sunny to the most shady aspect, for early and late fruit of improved growth and flavor. It is requisite to cut out the dead stems early in the spring, and to thin and regulate the successional young shoots. At the same time, the shoots retained should be pruned at the top, below the weak bending part, and some thinning worked in around the roots of the plants. Keep them clear of weeds during the summer, by hoeing between the rows, and eradicate all superfluous suckers; but be careful to retain enough for stock in succeeding years.

Many people prefer to have the front of the hives toward the East.—ED.]

Poison.

Paris green is so deadly a poison that some persons think it should never be used in killing the potato bug. Some go so far as to refuse eating potatoes altogether since it is so commonly employed. A few promise at journals favor its prohibition by law. It cannot be questioned that serious injury, and sometimes fatal results, have occurred from employing it. Those who apply it are often careless, and allow the wind to blow the dust into their nostrils, or they breathe the minute portions which rise in the air in mixing it. In one case a poor fence between a pasture and potato patch allowed a herd of cows to break in, and several died from eating the poison. Animals have been poisoned from the vessels containing the arsenic, carelessly used for feeding. A field of potatoes on the windward side of a vegetable garden caused some of a family to become poisoned by eating the vegetables which had received some of the Paris green from the wind.

Such accidents, although few and far between, show the importance of great caution. The same care is required in the use of powerful appliances of machinery of any kind. Steam engines sometimes destroy life, but men continue to make and use them. Fatal accidents occur on railroads, but we are hardly willing to abolish them. Barbed-wire fences injure cattle and horses, but they have proved too useful and efficient for farmers to give them up. There is no necessity for accidents from Paris green with proper care. Millions of persons eat the tubers of potatoes unharmed, being insoluble, cannot enter them, and there is enough iron, the antidote, in all soils to neutralize any portion which may reach the earth. The chief danger is, that when people become familiar with anything, they grow careless in its use. It is important, therefore, to continue the constant caution which is commonly used at first, but too often relaxed afterward.—*Country Gentleman.*

Kill the Old Fowls.

London *Live Stock Journal* puts it this way: A mistake often made by poultry keepers is that they keep their birds too long. A capital rule, which should always be followed by those who desire plenty of eggs, is to kill the birds off when about two and a half years old. Some prefer their being killed a year earlier than that, and upon large farms that can be no question that this is the better plan, but where the hens have to be bought they need not be disposed of before two and a half years. Supposing ten birds are kept, the five oldest can be killed every autumn, and five pullets bought to take their places, this being done every year. Thus a supply of eggs can be kept up, which can not be done if the birds are retained at greater ages. There is also another reason for this plan—namely, that as two and a half years old a hen is generally quite passable for eating which can not be said later on. There is every advantage in taking the course suggested.

Dressing and Preparing Poultry for Market.

There are many different ways of dressing and preparing poultry for market. In regard to plucking poultry easily without scalding—which process is so common in the West—it is much better to hang the fowl by the feet by a small cord; then with a small knife give one cut across the upper jaw, opposite the corner of the mouth; after the blood has stopped running a stream, place the point of the knife in the groove in the upper part of the mouth, run the blade up into the back part of the head, which will cause a quivering and twitching of the muscle; now is your time, for every feather yields as if by magic, and there is no danger of tearing the most tender chick; before he attempts to flap you have him as bare as before the day he came out of the shell. As this practice requires some skill, we cannot expect it to become universal, hence, to pluck fowls with the least labor, the scalding process has become general. The inwards should be removed and the cavity thoroughly washed with cold water. No blood should be suffered to remain on the chicken. Neatness must be observed at every stage in dressing. The head should be removed, but it is better to let the feet remain, simply as a convenience in handling. Much of the poultry that comes to market is prepared and dressed in such a careless and untidy manner that it is difficult to sell it at any price. When circumstances will permit, it is better to market it before it is frozen. If this is not practicable, place it where it can be frozen and where it will remain so, because freezing and thawing injures it materially. In the Northwest, as a general rule, poultry at this season of the year is fat and in good condition for the market. The corn and wheat fields are so numerous in which the poultry has the range, that there is no use to feed for market. It is not the quality that causes low prices of poultry in our markets; it is the condition in which it is offered. If properly prepared and neatly dressed a ready sale is always found. On the other hand, if slovenly prepared, it won't sell at all. It matters not how fat it may be, no one wants it.—N. E. HOMESTEAD.

Bantams.

The origin of the pigmy race of poultry known as Bantams is not very well known. Some suppose the name originated from birds brought from Bantam, a town in the Island of Java, and noted for its trade in pepper. Whether this was so or not, it is a well-known fact among naturalists that no such breed exists in a wild state, the small size, colors, etc., being fashioned by man. New varieties are springing up every year, and were the whole of these new varieties exterminated they could be replaced in a few years by breeding and careful selection. Bantams must not be considered mere pets; they are a very profitable breed, laying a fair average number of eggs in a season, and, although they are small birds, the food they eat is in proportion. Besides, how many there are who cannot keep the large breeds, owing to lack of room, who can keep a few Bantams, if they wish to indulge in the hobby of poultry keeping, and have a new laid egg for breakfast. Bantams are such engaging pets, the children soon learn to love and feed them. The smallest strip of ground, any out of the way place in the garden is all that is necessary to keep a few of them. The house may be a large box or small barrel, which can be bought for a few pence. This, with wire to enclose the run, is all you require to feed them on the scraps of bread, etc., from the table, as Bantams eat very little. In a word, they are a source of profit, and afford amusement for the children at the same time.

In the poultry yard proper, Bantams are out of place, and should not be allowed to mix with the other fowls, or they will spoil the stock. They should be kept by themselves, and the best place I know of is the corner of the kitchen garden, for the reason that they are great eaters of insects of all kinds, and, if let loose, will clear the garden of them. Of course their liberty must be regulated somewhat, but there is no time, excepting when the seeds are newly sown or the fruit is ripening, that Bantams can do any harm, but rather a lot of good. Hens with chickens must not have liberty, on account of the mother's scratching propensities; but cooped in the garden the chicks will find diversions in capturing the insects, and will thrive on them amazingly. A gardener, writing in an agricultural journal upward of 30 years ago, said, speaking of the good done by Bantams in destroying wireworms: "If there were encouragement to be had to get up in gardens, they would effect much good; and I am of the opinion that it will soon be found as necessary to keep them to kill vermin as it is to keep cats to keep down rats and mice. They will save various garden crops from injuries to which they would otherwise be exposed. They would scratch a little, to be sure, but so do cats; and if the smaller kinds of Bantams were kept—those about the size of partridge—their scratching would do little harm."—*Farm. Fiel and Stockman.*

Birds or Bread?

From every quarter of the land comes the complaint of insect depredations. Never before were their attacks so universal or so severe. New and before unnoticed insects are preying here upon the fruits, there upon the grains, and everywhere upon the vegetables. It seems as though this country was to be scourged as was Egypt of old, and the inquiry everywhere is for the cause and a remedy. When seeking for a cause, is it not fair to suppose that the reckless slaughter of the insects' natural destroyers, the birds, to supply the demands of a wicked fashion, has had much to do with this alarming prevalence? We think so; and it is not the first time man has been scourged by his enemies, because of his destruction of his friends. As a remedy, we urge every lover of good living, even if he has not a spark of kindness or of love for the beautiful birds, to insist that this cruel slaughter shall cease, and that the birds shall be allowed to again become plentiful. It is simply a question of, NO BIRDS, NO BREAD! Let us have plenty of both!—*Rural New Yorker.*

Casualties at a Sham Battle.

The most exciting event of the entire encampment of the Second brigade at Conneaut Lake, Pa., was the sham battle between the Fifteenth regiment infantry and Battery B, of Pittsburg, commanded by Capt. Hunt. The affair was prearranged, and thousands of spectators lined the fields and adjoining hills. The infantry attacked the battery in excellent style, and were repulsed. In moving to attack the infantry men grew excited and uncontrolable, and bore down steadily into the mouths of the waring cannon. The color company, the Governor's Guard, of Erie, charged the center section of the battery, and in the attack the regimental colors were shot to pieces, and Corporal Baker, of the color guard, met with a gun wad and was badly hurt. After the colors were planted on the captured gun, Gideon Kimmel, of Battery B, while attempting to capture the colors, was shot in the face and disfigured for life. Adjutant Braden and Lieut. Campbell and twelve men of the infantry were terribly burned in the face and injured. The battery boys suffered a number of casualties.

Stolen Bank Funds Traced.

On June 22 the Vereins bank of Hamburg was robbed of 200,000 marks, and though the robbers have not been caught, their descriptions have been published. A man, who it is alleged answered to the description of one of the robbers, and who gave the name of W. C. Flynn, sent two drafts for $8,000 and $250 respectively, drawn on Messrs. Bullard & Curtis, bankers, to Catherine J. Flynn and John Flynn, Boston. Judge Carpenter, of the United States Circuit court, issued a temporary injunction restraining payment of the drafts, on complaint that the drafts were supposed to come from the proceeds of the robbery.

—Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is a most powerful restorative tonic, and combines the most valuable nervine properties; especially adapted to the wants of debilitated ladies suffering from weak back, inward fever, congestion, inflammation, or ulceration, or from nervousness or neuralgic pains. By druggists.

News of the Week.

GRANT'S FUNERAL.

Gen. Hancock announces that these arrangements for the Grant funeral have been decided upon: The Fourth Artillery, of Fort Adams, under command of Major Adams, will fire a salute at Mt. McGregor and Major Randolph, commanding the Fifth Artillery, at Fort Hamilton, will fire the final salute on the day of the funeral. Gen. Hancock and staff, accompanied by Gen. Sherman, will proceed to Mt. McGregor on the night of August 2. The remains will be conveyed by a train consisting of a car for the family, one for the remains, two for the escort, which will number not more than 60 men; one for the clergy and pall-bearers, one for Gen. Hancock and staff, and one for the press. The first stop will be made at Saratoga and the second at Albany. At the latter place Adjt. Gen. Farnsworth will assume charge, removing the remains to the capitol, where Gov. Hill assumes control. From Albany the remains will be in care of Gen. Hancock.

In response to a circular sent out by Mayor Grace, about 30 representative New Yorkers met at the mayor's office to form a National Monument committee, and among them were ex-Pres. Arthur, George Jones, of the *Times*, ex-Mayor Wickham and Gov. A. B. Cornell. Ex-Pres. Arthur acted as temporary chairman. Mr. Jesse Seligman moved that he be made permanent chairman, but Mr. Arthur declined. A resolution was passed inviting the people of the United States to forward contributions to the mayor of New York to aid in the erection of a monument to Gen. Grant. A committee to prepare a plan of permanent organization was also appointed.

A meeting of citizens was held in Washington to protest against the proposed burial of Gen. Grant in Riverside Park, New York city. Among those present were ex-Congressman Dezendorf, of Virginia, who presided. Gen. Whittaker, Hon. A. M. Clapp and Dr. Bliss, of the committee on resolutions, presented a large preamble and resolution, which were unanimously adopted, protesting against the interment of Gen. Grant in Central or Riverside park, New York, on the grounds that the selection of a place of amusement as a recreation for this purpose was inappropriate. A committee was appointed to wait upon the Grant family at Mount McGregor, with a view to having the burial place changed from Riverside park to Washington.

Commander-in-chief Burdette, of the G. A. R., says that he will establish Grand Army headquarters, probably at the Fifth avenue hotel, some days before the final obsequies. The national staff and all post commanders-in-chief will be specially invited to attend.

At a meeting of the Fairmount Park Art association in Philadelphia, resolutions were adopted providing for the creation of a fund for the erection in Fairmount park of a suitable memorial statue of Gen. Grant.

The site chosen for Gen. Grant's tomb is on a sort of a promontory on the Hudson river, and is the highest point in Manhattanville. The outward swell of the promontory begins at Twenty-second street, and the river bank returns to its regular line at One Hundred and Thirty-ninth street. The summit of this position is an almost level plateau of something more than twenty acres. On the river side the descent is abrupt. At its foot, 200 feet below, are the track of that branch of the Hudson River railroad that runs into West Thirtieth street depot. On the northwest is the ferry to Ft. Lee, and on the north and northwest the red brick stores, houses and manufactories of Manhattanville, crustle around the base of the hill. If the observer looks to the south he has opened before him the long vista of Riverside park, of driveways, hewn stone walls and ancient oaks and maples on the steep slopes of the Hudson. The spot suggests revolutionary war memories. Ft. Lee is opposite the old fort in Central Park, and is on the southeast; Fort Washington is on the north, and the Highlands near West Point shut in the horizon beyond the Tapan-see. No structures can be erected to break the uniformity of the view, as the water front and the park belong to the city. The temporary tomb to receive the body will be built of brick.

A permanent organization of the Grant Monument association was effected at Springfield, Ill., by the election of Sen. S. M. Cullom as president, Hon. S. H. Jones as treasurer, and Col. Charles F. Miller as secretary. Sen. Cullom made a brief address in accepting the position as president, thanking the association for the honor. Hon. D. T. Littler, Gen. John M. Palmer, and Col. Wead, of Springfield, were appointed to prepare a memorial for publication, setting forth the object of the association. The president was instructed to appoint a prominent citizen in each county in the state and five in Chicago, to collect funds for the proposed monument.

Fifteen thousand dollars has already been subscribed toward the equestrian statue of Gen. Grant in Chicago.

The following order has been issued by Adj. Gen. Finley, by order of Gov. Hoadly: "As a tribute of respect to the deceased general of the army for eight years President of the United States of America, it is ordered that the national colors at the headquarters of every state arsenal, and the armories of the state, be displayed at half-mast until and including the day of the funeral, and that the officers of the Ohio National Guard wear the usual badge of mourning for three months, and on all occasions of ceremony the regimental colors be draped with crape for the same period. On the day of the funeral the commanding officer of each battery will cause a gun to be fired at intervals of 30 minutes from sunrise to 10 o'clock p. m., and during the hour of the funeral minute guns will be fired, and at sunset a national salute of 38 guns."

The clerks of the adjutant general's office, on Governor's Island, are puzzled how to answer the many questions asked regarding Gen. Grant's funeral, and in transmitting to the various organizations throughout the country the arrangements so far as it affects them, and so far as completed. Gen. Daniel E. Sickles was closeted with Gen. Hancock this morning in reference to the department of veteran army officers, of which the general has charge. Franklyn Allen, Mayor Low's secretary, accompanied by Alderman Collins, representing the Brooklyn common council, called on Gen. Hancock and assured him that that the people of Brooklyn would do all in their power to assist at the funeral arrangements, and that they wished to be assigned a place in the procession.

Col. Fred. Grant sent a telegram, stating that his father had been commander of the Loyal Legion, and requested that the members of that organization be given as prominent a place as possible.

Brig. Gen. Nevins, commander of the G. A. R. of New Jersey, by request of Gov. Abbett, tendered a brigade of the National guard of that state for an escort at the funeral.

Gen. S. S. Burdette, commander in-chief of the G. A. R., in answer to a dispatch from Gen. Hancock, stated that he would take command in person of the G. A. R. at the funeral.

The following named Senators, who were requested by the Vice President to represent the Senate at Gen. Grant's funeral, have notified Col. Canaday, sergeant-at-arms, of their intention to attend the funeral: J. S. Morrell, John Sherman, J. A. Logan, M. W. Ransom, J. J. Ingalls, F. M. Cockrell, Wade Hampton, J. E. Brown, and Charles F. Manderson. The committee has been requested by the sergeant-at-arms to meet in New York on the evening of August 6, at the Fifth avenue hotel, where quarters hrve been engaged for them. Vice-Pres. Hendricks will also to with them.

When Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, was asked what he thought of the suggestion that he and Gen. Beale should go to Mt. McGregor and urge the family of Gen. Grant to reconsider their decision to bury the general at Riverside Park, he said: "The family are thoroughly familiar with the arguments that have been brought to bear against the selection of Riverside; they have concluded to accept the place tendered, and no attempt will be made to induce a change of mind. The family as well as all intimate friends, have received numerous letters from army and navy officers and others, urging Washington as the proper place, but Riverside park has been selected, and there is no probability of a change. It is a delicate matter to discuss with the family, and I think nothing more should be said on the subject."

The sub-committee of the Grant monument fund met yesterday, with ex-Gov. Cornell in the chair. The committee was increased by 100 additional names. A permanent organization was effected, Chester A. Arthur being chosen president; Mayor Grace and Hamilton Fish vice-presidents; Drexel, Morgan & Co., treasurers; Mr. Grenier, secretary. Resolutions in favor of similar organizations throughout the state were adopted. The first contribution was received towards the funds to-day. It consisted of 50 cents, and was contributed by a lady.

Gen. John B. Clark, the clerk of the House of Representatives, has designated and requested the following named committee to represent that body at the funeral of Gen. Grant: John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky; Samuel J. Randall, of Pennsylvania; William R. Morrison, of Illinois; J. Randolph Tucker, of Virginia; O. R. Singleton, of Mississippi; Frank Hiscock, of New York; Thomas B. Reed, of Maine; H. P. M. Brown, of Indiana; Benjamin Butterworth, of Ohio. These gentlemen will be requested by mail to meet in New York on August 7.

GEN. HANCOCK'S ORDERS.

The following orders have been issued by Maj.-Gen. Hancock:

Order No. 2 appoints Gen. John C. Farnsworth chief marshal in charge of the ceremonies at Albany.

Order No. 3 appoints Gen. Lloyd Aspinwall to the duty of laying out the line of march for the procession in New York city.

Order No. 4 appoints George Martin and T. MacMahon to conduct the march of the civic organizations in the procession. He is instructed to establish headquarters in New York city and announce the same when selected. All such organizations desiring to take part will report directly to these headquarters, sending a duplicate to Gen. McMahon, stating the title of the same, the name of the chief officer and the number to parade. Gen. Hancock received a suggestion from Gov. Cornell to have the funeral cortege come to New York from Albany by river, but he replied that the arrangements for transportation by rail were completed.

AN INTERVIEW WITH GEN. SHERMAN.

The New York *Tribune* publishes an interview with Gen. Sherman, in which he says: "The parade will be one of the greatest military spectacles this city has ever seen. Gen. Hancock is magnificently fitted to organize, and he is hard at work. It was a good thing to place all these things in his hands."

Gen. Sherman gave this explanation of why New York had been given the preference over Washington as the place of burial:

"The Grant family will all continue in New York; the boys can't go to Washington to live; what is there to be found there for them? They don't expect, can't expect to be Congressmen or Senators; they couldn't accept clerkships; what else is there in Washington? The selection will be honored as reasonable. It is certain that the general regarded Washington as no fit place for young men. He has often talked about it. My opinion is the same. Why, the army officers who have been stationed in Washington long have never amounted to anything; the men who have come up high have made their mark on the frontier, among the Indians, or on far off stations. The Washington men became distinguished as staff officers only, McClellan being the only exception. Taylor, Jackson, and others won their positions in Indian warfare."

Mrs Grant viewed the remains of her husband Monday night, after the body was placed in the casket. She may deem it wise to defer her departure from here until Saturday, August 8.

It is thought by those who will have charge of the funeral car in New York that it would be appropriate if colored grand army veterans should lead the 38 horses that will draw the car.

THE PALL-BEARERS.

The President having been requested by Mrs. Grant to name the pall-bearers for Gen. Grant's funeral, has appointed the following: Gen. Wm. T. Sherman, U. S. A.; Lieut.-Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, U. S. A.; Admiral David D. Porter, U. S. N.; Vice-Admiral Stephen C. Rowan, U. S. N.; Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, of Virginia; Gen. Simon Buckner, of Kentucky; Hamilton Fish, of New York; George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts; George W. Childs, of Pennsylvania; John A. Logan, of Illinois; George Jones, of New York, and Oliver Hoyt, of New York.

MEXICAN VETERANS.

The secretary of the association of Veterans of the Mexican war has received a communication from Gen. Hancock, stating that the delegation of veterans from that association will be accorded a place as mourners in the funeral procession, should they present themselves.

THE COTTAGE STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

A severe thunder storm occurred on the mountain Thursday evening. The electric fluid entered the cottage, tearing off some of the plastering and extinguishing the electric light above the casket. Col. W. B. Beck, commanding Battery A, Fifth infantry, from Governor's Island, and Gen. R. H. Jackson, commander of Fort Columbus, Governor's Island were rendered insensible by a shock from the bolt, and it was feared for a time that the latter would not survive. Both are now, however, pronounced out of danger. Two or three others were also less severely hurt. The mountain telegraph wires were all prostrated, and dispatches had to be sent to Saratoga for transmission.

THE G. A. R.

Gen. Burdette, commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., has issued a circular in which he says the attendance of the G. A. R. at Gen. Grant's funeral should be by departments as far as possible. Where this is impracticable from the long distances, representatives of posts will be given a place in the line. He asks early advices whether departments will be present and the number and strength of each post, or whether delegations only will be present. Communications to be addressed "Gen. John Cameron, Fifth avenue hotel, New York."

THE MEMORIAL COMMITTEE.

A circular has been issued by Chester A. Arthur, chairman, and other officers of the Grant memorial committee, saying that action will soon be taken for the organization of committees to represent the entire country for the erection of a suitable monument above Gen. Grant's grave. Pending this, the committee calls on "all newspapers, railway, telegraph and express companies, postmasters, banks, bankers, churches and municipal authorities, commercial bodies and exchanges, manufacturing and business establishments to co-operate in the immediate collection of contributions, to be forwarded to Drexel, Morgan & Co., for the committee, or to the mayor of New York." All contributions will be acknowledged. The Western Union Telegraph company also sent instructions to managers of all offices throughout the country to receive contributions from the public and forward them to the committee.

WILL MEET IN A BETTER WORLD.

When Gen. Grant's remains were placed in the coffin, Col. Fred Grant put a packet in the breast pocket of the coat. It now transpires that it was a letter written by Mrs. Grant. It acknowledged the farewell letter of the general, found in his coat pocket after death, and added a farewell until both should meet in a better world. The ring placed on the general's finger was one that Mrs. Grant had given, but for which in life his finger had grown too small.

One reason why Mrs. Grant does not give to the public the letter the general left for her is that it mentions the names of a number of men now living, telling how the general had been deceived by those he supposed to be his friends, and explaining how he was drawn into the meshes of Ward. The letter would make eight pages closely written of large sized writing paper. One of the first labors of Col. Grant after the family settles down will be to write a biography of his father.

GRANT'S OLD CABINET.

The following invitation to ex-members of his father's cabinet was issued to-day by Col. F. Grant:

"The undersigned respectfully invites al ex-members of his father's cabinet to attend the funeral obsequies to be held on the 8th prox. in New York. Gentlemen accepting this invitation are respectfully requested to advise Gen. Hancock of their intention to be present, who will assign them appropriate places in the procession."

GRANT AND THE SOUTH.

The feeling of the South towards Gen. Grant was probably more friendly than towards any one man of the North. A leading Southerner said at Saratoga: "We of the South have never forgotten Grant's magnanimity to Lee, and will mourn him as the North. More tears will be shed in the Southern states than when Jeff Davis dies."

An instance of Grant's friends in the South was seen a few years ago at Washington, where, while standing in a railway station, a former Confederate colonel walked up to him and shook hands with him. "The last time I met you, general," said he, "was at Fort Donelson!" "Ah!" said the general, shaking his hand more warmly. "But then," continued Prof. McLoughlin, "I was with Gen. Floyd," "Ah, then," said Gen. Grant, "you were with the opposition!" "Yes," replied Prof. McLoughlin, "and for so much more I revere and honor your character." Gen. Grant said promptly: "God grant that all Southern men should feel as kindly as you toward the North."

THE SURRENDER OF VICKSBURG.

The following is a copy of an autograph letter of Grant written to his father, describing the surrender of Vicksburg. It was penned just after the battle, and though the paper is yellow the ink is still fresh as when it was written:

"I found," writes the general, "I had continuously underestimated the force of the enemy, both in men and artillery. The number of prisoners surrendered was 30,200. The process of paroling is so tedious, however, that many who are desirous of getting to their homes will escape before the paroling officers get around them. The arms taken are about 180 pieces of artillery and over 30,000 stands of small arms. The enemy still had about four days' rations of flour and meat, and a large quantity of sugar. The weather is now exceedingly warm, and the roads intolerably dusty. It cannot be expected, under these circumstances, that the health of the command can keep up as it has done. My troops were not allowed one hour's idle time after the surrender, but were at once started after other game. My health has continued very good during the campaign which has just closed. Remember me to all at home. ULYSSES."

ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE FUNERAL.

The arrangements for Gen. Grant's funeral, so far as relates to Gen. Hancock's direction, are nearly completed. H. A. Seddins, of Washington, wrote suggesting that a detail of 100 men from each regiment that served under Grant, be present in the procession. Sergt. H. A. Arms and C. W. P. Canaday telegraphed that the Vice-President and a committee from the Senate would attend the obsequies. Col. G. S. Gillespie, U. S. A., Gen. Geo. B. M. Havarty, and Brev. Brig.-Gen. T. F. Rodenbaugh, of Bath, Me., were appointed additional aides. Col. Roger Jones has been telegraphed to fire minute guns at Saratoga during the progress of the funeral train.

ANOTHER GRANT MONUMENT.

A meeting is to be held at Leavenworth, next Monday of prominent citizens of Kansas, Iowa, Colorado, Missouri, Nebraska, New Mexico and other Western states and territories, to consider a proposition to build a monument at Fort Leavenworth. The leading G. A. R. men have been invited, also a number of prominent confederates.

FRIDAY AT MT. M'GREGOR.

A considerable number of people visited the mountain, Friday, to view the remains of the dead general. The expression of the face remains very natural. A magnificent floral memorial was received at the Grant cottage from ex-Gov. Leland Stanford, of California, and Mrs. Stanford, representing "The Gates Ajar," composed of two gates, six feet high, by five wide, made of white and purple immortelles, spanned by an arch inscribed with the name of U. S. Grant, and with a flight of steps ascending to the half-open gates.

The programme for the services for Monday is as follows: Scripture reading, 90th Psalm; prayer, by Rev. Bishop Harris, of the Methodist Episcopal church, New York, and hymn, "Nearer, My God, To Thee;" benediction, contralto solo, "Beyond the smiling and the weeping."

The leaden box about Gen. Grant's face yesterday was owing largely, the undertakers say, to the unfavorable lights and shadows of the room in which the body lay. Late last night, when the casket was opened, the body gave forth to the senses no evidence of other than favorable conditions. Preparations are being used to remove the heavy dark circles from beneath the eyes. The remains have been examined within twelve hours, and the extremities and limbs were found to be fully under the control of the embalming preparation. Undertaker Merritt believes the body will be preserved in most excellent condition until long after the final leave shall have been taken of it.

WANTS $10,000 FOR THE OLD COTTAGE.

Capt. James J. Coogan, of New York, is negotiating for the purchase of the house at Point Pleasant, O., in which Gen. Grant was born, with a view of having it set up in Capitol Park. He offers $5,000 for it. The owner, Michael E. Hirsch, wants $10,000.

THE CHICAGO STATUE.

At a meeting of the committee in charge of the work of erecting a Grant memorial statue in Chicago, subscriptions to the amount of $22,000 and other pledges swelling the total figure to $32,000 were made.

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dian service (there being no comma between the word "war" and "or"), and that claims for losses during the civil war must be allowed. This the treasury officials say would cost the government an enormous sum, more than could well be estimated. A case involving a claim for losses of personal property during the late war was submitted to Third Auditor Williams, who gave a decision disallowing the claim, and holding that the act does not authorize compensation for any losses sustained in time of war.

Agricultural Station in Illinois.

An agricultural station has recently been established at Aurora, Ills., in connection with the entomological division of the department of agriculture. Mr. Jason W. McLain has been appointed to take charge of the station, and Prof. Riley has instructed him to pay particular attention to the culture of bees of such races of bees as are reported to possess desirable traits and characteristics.

"Good Old Democratic Times."

Sec. Whitney has succeeded in crushing out John Roach, and will undoubtedly seek to restore the old order of things when the building of vessels for the navy, and, in fact, all manner of work for the government in the line of shipbuilding, was done at the navy yards. Any private shipbuilders who are ambitious to build the new cruisers will not dare to undertake the task in the face of Atty.-Gen. Garland's decision, and the result will be that the navy yards will be called upon to do it. Not one of the government yards at the present time is capable of so great an undertaking, and large purchases of plants and material will be necessary, affording any number of fat contracts and pickings for favorite politicians. There will be no further need of levying political assessments, for money enough will be derived from this source, political bosses being charged with the disbursement of appropriations for navy yard purposes, and the good old Democratic times that were known before the war will be upon us again.

The Consular Service.

A prominent state department officer says the reorganization of the consular service will be completed about January next. There is said to be an increased inclination among business men to enter the South American markets. Consuls, upon entering the new territory will be expected to make such reports of the resources of the country as will be valuable to business men in deciding upon trading with those states. Some severe comments have been made upon consuls in South America and Central America. About 300 consular posts yet remain to be be filled. The majority of these are small offices, paying salaries or fees amounting to but more than $1,000 each.

Notes.

Payments made on account of pensions so far during the present month amount to $7,200,000.

The postmaster general has directed that all postoffices be closed from 1 to 5 p. m., on August 8, the day of Grant's funeral.

To July 16 there were 24 cases and four deaths from yellow fever at Havana reported to the marine hospital bureau.

Charles L. Skinner, of Baltimore, has been disbarred from practice as at attorney before the interior department for extorting illegal fees.

Gen. Logan has bought the commodious, old-fashioned mansion on Clifton Heights, the highest promontory overlooking Washington on its northern border.

Atty.-Gen. Garland, to whom the secretary of the interior referred the question of the power of the interior department to authorize the Indians to lease their lands for grazing purposes where such law exists.

Jerome F. Mansing, an attorney of Boston, New York and Washington, has been disbarred from practicing before the court of commissioners of Alabama claims, for forcing his way into the judges' private consultation room and conducting himself in an indecorous manner.

Sec. Lamar, wishing to correct rumors to the effect that there had been something offensive to him in his correspondence or intercourse with Civil Service Commissioner Eaton, has sent the latter a letter assuring him that his letters to him have been in entire harmony with the cordially personal relations existing between each other.

Reports made officially to this government contradict the rose-colored accounts furnished by Henry M. Stanley and Sanford, the former minister to Belgium, as to Congo. It is stated that the extravagant stories of the country's resources are fictitious, and that it scarcely yields enough to support the natives, and therefore cannot produce food for an additional white population.

Geo. W. Belknap, as counsel for the Baltimore & Ohio railroad company, made an argument before Judge Hagner, second comptroller, in favor of reopening the accounts of the railroad company, from 1862 to 1865, for the transportation of troops and military stores. The Baltimore & Ohio claim that, upon readjustment of these accounts, several hundred thousand dollars would be found due them from the government. The comptroller reserved his decision.

The following order has been issued by the secretary of the interior: "Leave of absence with pay, on account of sickness, will not be granted for a longer period than 30 days, in any calendar year. The necessity for such sick leaves must be fully established by the affidavit of the officer and the satisfaction of the officers of the department." This order does not affect the annual leave for 30 days. The practice heretofore has been to allow 60 days' sick leave in one year.

Civil Service Commissioner Eaton says he has received a report from Indianapolis concerning the investigation at the postoffice there, in which Aquilla Jones, the postmaster, was alleged to have violated the civil service law in the removal of Republicans and their appointment of Democrats. Mr. Eaton says he has made upon examination no charges to be made upon removals in South America and Central America. About 300 consular posts yet remain to be be filled. The majority of these are small offices, paying salaries or fees amounting to but more than $1,000 each.

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